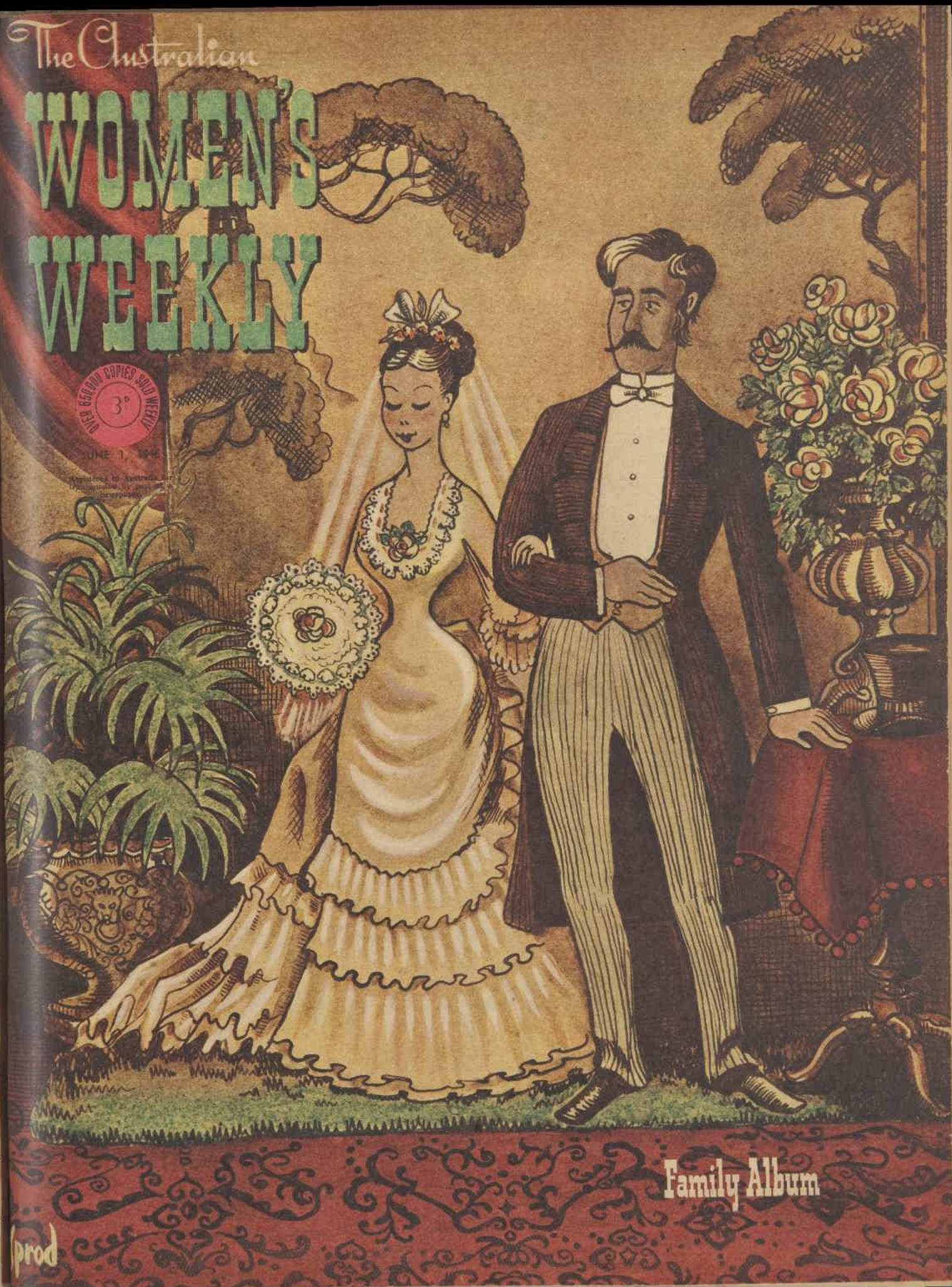


The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

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JUNE 1, 1946

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Family Album

prod

EACH DAY **1000** PEOPLE WING THEIR WAY WITH A.N.A.

Australians, not so long ago, marvelled at an aeroplane service which could carry 100 passengers a week. They realised, of course, that the airway was the up-and-coming means of transportation, but never thought that within eight years the Australian National Airways organisation alone would transport 1,000 passengers a day, each day—nearly 400,000 a year. Diplomats with documents, business men and women with samples and papers, housewives travelling for sheer pleasure, and even babies with rattles pass up and down the gangways leading to and from A.N.A.'s luxury aircraft. They come from Perth, the tip of Cape York and back o' Bourke, for the A.N.A. network provides daily services, not only between capital cities but to inland towns "hard to reach" by surface methods.



WING YOUR WAY WITH



AND WHEN SENDING GOODS
MARK THEM AIR FREIGHT

NO PROFIT ON LOVE

By . . .

Wynwode Macdonald

THE SYDNEY MORNING HERALD

28 MAY 1946

OF NEW SOUTH WALES

SHE stepped out of the phone box into the raw afternoon with violets on her suit and good-bye in her eyes. They were green eyes, and the violets were the merest hint darker than the new suit.

It was funny the way you could plan a new outfit for a wonderful occasion, the money you spent, the shoe-leather you wore out looking for the perfect hat, only to have it all go up in smoke like a cracker on Guy Fawkes night.

But the sense of humor on which Hilary Lane had always prided herself was proving unequal to the occasion. She was much too preoccupied with the bitter dregs of her disappointment to notice the strange young man who was hovering urgently at her elbow.

"Excuse me," he said, "but don't these belong to you? You left them behind when you were phoning."

She looked at the young man without comprehension, at the pale green suede gloves in his extended hand, then she remembered that somewhere back in the happy and unsuspecting past, before she had telephoned Ralph, these gloves had been an integral part of her new outfit. Her one impulse now was to snatch them and escape. Then habit, ingrained by practical necessity, reassured itself.

"Thank you," she said a little distantly, stuffing them into her handbag. Green suede gloves to climax her outfit, because Ralph had an eye for clothes and noticed details more than most men. Ralph, who had just given her the air—and over the telephone!—and would probably never see them now, or care if he did. She could still hear his voice, a little crisper, more incisive than usual, telling her to find herself a sober, solid citizen.

"It sounds brutal over the phone, but it isn't fair to be wasting your time. I'm not stable or dependable, I'm everything that you don't want." It was at this point that he had produced the classic piece of advice about the sober, solid citizen.

Ralph had been away for a month, and this day, the scheduled day of his return, had been the focal point in her imagination throughout those four empty weeks. It was also the date of Ruth Barrington's party, and in view of the fact that Ralph had accepted Ruth's invitation, it had seemed natural enough to ring him and suggest that they go together. Besides, she had been impatient to hear his voice again, to know that he was really back.

She had merely walked into her own trap. Ralph was taking somebody else to Ruth's party, and she, Hilary Lane, was neatly relegated to a pigeon-hole in his past, a place in his caru-index system. Fog lay over the city

like wet grey drizzle. On the steps of the post-office she hesitated, faced suddenly with the prospect of a blank afternoon. She would not go home, she could not go to the party. Pretending to have a good time and seeing Ralph with somebody else would be like dancing at a funeral.

"Excuse me again," said a vaguely familiar voice, "but do you think I could help in any way?"

Turning, she recognised the Gala-had of the glove incident, still hovering.

"You do look rather lost," he said. "I thought you might be looking for something."

He was, she noticed, really quite a good-looking young man. An idea, a crazy, defiant idea, bubbled up in her mind.

"Yes," she said, "I am. I'm looking for a sober, solid citizen. Would you care to apply?"

He took it without a blink.

"Well, I'm certainly sober," he replied, "and I think you could call me solid. And I'm single, if that makes any difference."

"No difference at all," she said crisply. "I'm not running a matrimonial agency. But I do need an escort for a party. I can promise you excellent refreshments and inane conversation. You'd be free by seven."

For a moment he silently contemplated the stream of city traffic. Then he said, "I might consider it if I thought you'd take in a show or something after it was over." His eyes were still solemn, but she saw the tell-tale twitch of a grin at the corners of his mouth.

Hilary laughed. "All right," she said. "That's fair, I suppose. But there's one condition."

He cocked a nearly-blond eyebrow in interrogation.

"The condition is that little Cinderella will disappear out of your life at the stroke of twelve, complete with pumpkin coach and white mice."

Please turn to page 10

A voice behind her called "Hullo," and she turned to meet Ralph's gaze.

Leonard James Green 20

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

The Vanderbilt family has been famous in American society for generations, and Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt is a striking, dark-eyed, dark-haired beauty with a gloriously smooth, fair complexion. She uses Pond's Two Creams regularly for her skin care, and she says: "Pond's Creams are my beauty stand-by."



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EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE

There always are new shades of Cutex Polish

Daughter In The House

MRS. PRESLAND glanced at the clock when her daughter hurried into the dining-room. "Nearly half-past eight, dear. It's lucky you work so near. Your breakfast is in the oven."

Mr. Presland lowered his newspaper. "Didn't you hear the bugle? It'll be the glasshouse for you if you don't mend your ways, Corporal!"

Hilda smiled obediently at his little joke and fetched her plate from the kitchen. "H'm." Mr. Presland observed. "Nice fat sausage, nice fat slice of fried bread—better than bully-beef, eh, Corporal?"

"Much better, Dad." If he doesn't stop calling me "corporal" soon, Hilda thought, I shall scream.

"There's a letter for you, dear; you've put your plate on it."

Hilda's heart leaped. For one wild, wonderful moment she thought that—no, it was from Clare. Telegram-staccato, in Clare's way. "Don't forget reunion bun-fight on Saturday. Four, Hilda's first floor. Have sent Bunty reminder also."

"Is it from anyone I know, dear?"

Hilda stared at her mother, surprised. There was nothing unpleasantly curious about Mrs. Presland's voice. It was just the voice of an anxious mother with a schoolgirl daughter keeping watch lest she should make unsuitable friendships.

Great grief, Hilda thought in rising irritation, how does she imagine I coped on my own all those years in the Army? Doesn't she know I'm in my right mind and nearly twenty-five? Am I still expected to read all my letters aloud? Hilda pulled herself up sharply. It was ridiculous to be so touchy.

"It's from Clare Hale, Mother. I'm meeting her—and Bunty Brayne—this afternoon in London. Funny, I'd forgotten it was this Saturday. A reunion—"

Mr. Presland's paper came down again. "I remember a reunion dinner my crowd had in 1919. My word, the morning after—" he chuckled.

Mrs. Presland was looking vague. "Clare Hale? Bunty Brayne?"

"Mother, I've talked about them heaps of times, you must remember! Clare was a journalist before the war—only a beginner, of course. She's on the 'Daily Hurricane' now. Bunty Brayne was the baby of our trio—at least, her name's Yorke now, she's married."

Hilda's mother leaned forward, eagerly. "Why not bring them back to dinner, dear? I've got a rabbit, I could easily—"

"Thanks all the same, Mother, but

our plans are rather indefinite—we might stay on and go to a show . . ."

Mr. Presland frowned. "Won't that be very expensive, on a Saturday night in town? Got to watch that civilian pay-pocket, you know. Take care of the pence—"

"Look!" Hilda's voice was sharp. "I don't want to be pinned down to coming home at any definite time. I haven't had an evening out for months, and we planned this ages ago, when we were demobbed. Besides, Clare and Bunty are my friends, not yours, so surely to goodness—"

There was a stunned silence. Her parents flushed. They looked startled—and hurt. "Sorry—" Hilda mumbled. "Sorry—must have got out of bed the wrong side, or something."

It was inadequate, of course. She wanted to say that it wasn't that, it was just that—well, what was it, anyway? She didn't even know. It was a feeling—a feeling she barely understood and certainly never could explain.

Mr. Presland was embarrassed. "Oh, that's all right, old girl. We didn't mean to—interfere."

"But of course we didn't!" Her mother's cheeks were still faintly

pink. "I just thought perhaps you'd like to bring your friends home, that's all." She paused. "Don't worry about the shopping—I can squeeze that in before I go to grandma's."

Every Saturday afternoon since she came home Hilda had done the week-end shopping. She had enjoyed it at first. But now it was expected, a habit, part of the family routine. On the other hand, mother had had such a packet of standing in queues, and she looked terribly tired sometimes.

"I can do the shopping. The office closes at twelve, so it won't put me out—honestly."

Her mother relaxed. "That will be a help, dear. I'll have lunch ready prompt for one, Hilda, and you can catch the two-forty up. I'll put your clothes out, too, to save time. Wear your blue frock, won't you? Such a good-looking suit—"

Mr. Presland was fumbling in his pocket. "Shan't see you before you go, Corporal, so—well, here's something to help the binge along."

Hilda thanked him, putting the ten-shilling note in her bag, seeing it through eyes suddenly misted. They were such dears, really, they meant so well—and that made her

"Is it from anyone I know, dear?"

feel worse. Made her feel she was being unreasonably disgruntled.

Her mother followed her into the little hall, as she had done so often, seeing her off to school.

"Ten to nine," Mrs. Presland said brightly, "just nice time." She kissed her and added inevitably, "So lucky you work so near home!"

Hilda's job at the Town Hall was one of uninspiring routine—a dangerous thing for a girl in her frame of mind.

Just above her desk hung a massive mirror. Every time she looked up from her typewriter she saw her reflection. Hilda had looked attractive in khaki. In "civvies," she thought, I look merely nondescript. She

wondered what Clare and Bunty would wear for the reunion.

Bunty had been engaged for three years, with adoring relatives hoarding dress-lengths for her. She had the pick of a large, brand-new trousseau.

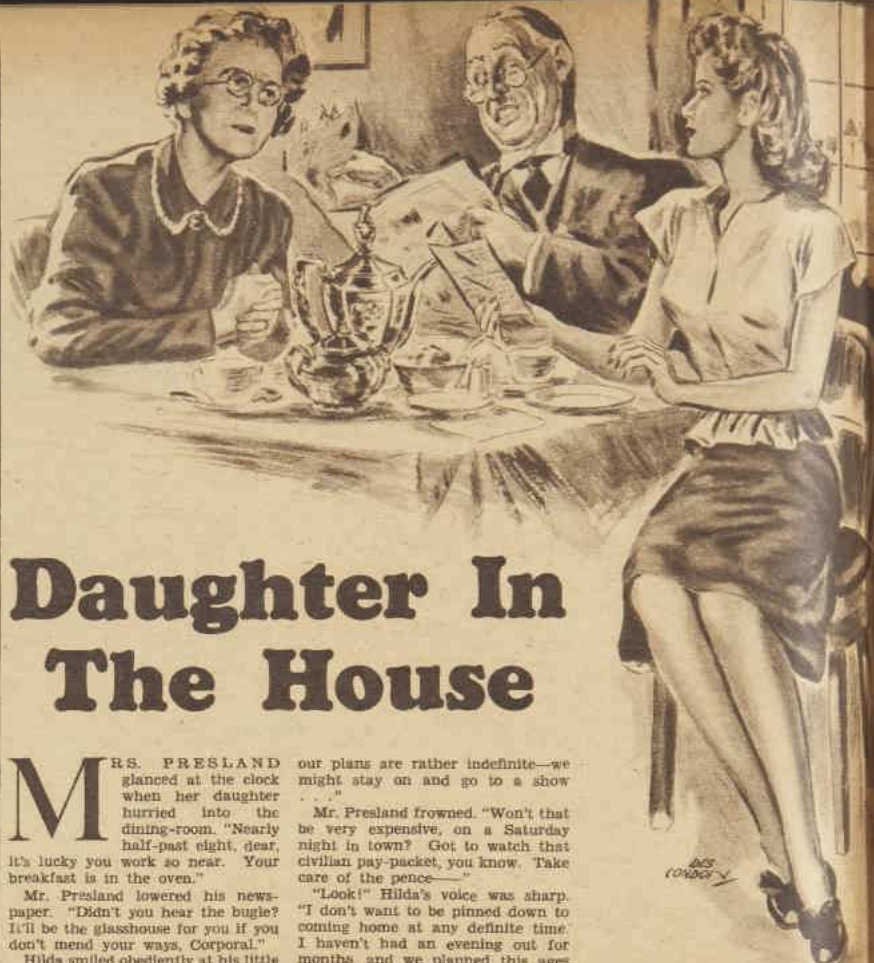
Clare was the kind of girl who could make two dishcloths and a renovated felt hood look like things from Paris.

Hilda had the blue fleck that mother thought looked so "good." She hated it now for just that—its "goodness," which meant it was horribly, horribly dull.

Her next thought was that if she hadn't promised to get the ration, which meant all of an hour in the queues, she would have had time to wash her hair. There never seemed to be a minute, now, to spend on her appearance.

If I were a man, Hilda thought savagely. It would be different. Returning warriors—when they are men—are encouraged to make themselves smart, get round and have fun, laze in a chair waiting for the meal that somebody else is cooking. But daughters are just daughters. They come home and, after perhaps a fortnight's holiday, are expected to settle down immediately into the old, humdrum order of things.

Please turn to page 28



CAPTAIN SABUROV, young veteran of the Russian war, is a battalion commander in besieged Stalingrad. With him are his chief of staff, MASLENNIKOV, and orderly PETYA. Saburov is given the vital task of contacting Colonel REMIZOV, whose regiment is cut off from the division commanded by Major-General PROTSENKO.

After a perilous journey along the bank of the Volga, he reaches his destination and returns with information necessary for the impending attack. Once more he has to go, and on arrival finds ANYA, a nurse whom he met on his first day in Stalingrad.

During the grim days that followed his feeling for her turned to love, and they were married when he was convalescing at the base. The joy of their meeting is partly spoiled for Saburov, who fears for her safety. Heavy night fighting again splits the division, but Saburov expects that the Germans will counter-attack fiercely now it is day.

Now read on.

SABUROV'S prediction was right. With the coming of daylight the Germans launched into fighting which continued mercilessly the whole day.

When a first assault failed they launched a second, even more violent one. That, too, failed, however, and when the last—the third—was repulsed at seven o'clock in the evening Saburov felt that they had really beaten the Germans to-day.

"Well, we drove them off," Remizov's chief of staff, Annenski, said, coming up to him, his face as black and tired as those of all the men round.

"We drove them off," Saburov agreed. "How is it with the others?"

"We drove them off along the entire sector," Annenski said. "I came with a lieutenant who will take your place. The general has summoned you."

"Where is Remizov?"

"They carried him back to the dugout."

"What do you mean? Is he wounded?"

"No," Annenski said, "he wasn't wounded. But the old man fell down in a swoon about half an hour ago, when it was all over. You know, that wound of his was worse than he made out. Right now they're fixing him up. Now go on, get going to the general, or he'll be angry."

"All right. Good luck to you," Saburov pressed Annenski's hand.

"By the way," Annenski said, "his command post is no longer where it was. He ordered it moved."

"Where?"

"About three hundred metres from here, right in the ravine. You'll probably find him there."

Saburov walked back along the communications trench, and almost collided with Protsenko, who was standing near the edge of the ravine.

"Saburov!" Protsenko shouted.

"Saburov, is it you?"

"I, Comrade General," Saburov said.

Protsenko walked up to him, stopped, drew himself very erect, and said in an official tone of voice he seldom used: "Comrade Saburov, I thank you in the name of the High Command."

Saburov also drew himself up, and, standing at attention, stammered out some confused reply.

"I have recommended you for decoration," Protsenko said. "You have earned it, and I wanted you to know about it."

"Thank you. Thank you very much," Saburov said, and he smiled.

Protsenko also smiled. Looking at each other they both understood that something very great and solemn had taken place to-day, for both of them and for all those round them. For to-day had been a victory; they both understood this. To-day had been a victory over the Germans, who, according to all the military rules, should have taken the shore back again and had not taken it.



Maslennikov saw Anya lying in the trench, the blood coming from a small cut in her forehead.

Days and Nights

There was a pause. "Have you got acquainted with Remizov?" Protsenko said at length.

"We've seen something of each other."

"He will be in command of your regiment now, instead of Popov."

"And Remizov's regiment?"

"I'm thinking of leaving Annenski there. Well, that's that, first of all."

Second, I weakened both regiments yesterday in order to get the assault groups together. So, they've been pushed back a little. Your battalion, too. The division is all together again; that's wonderful, but they've pushed us tighter against the shore. We gave up five buildings."

"On my sector, too?" Saburov asked with the anxious feeling of a man who has not yet been told the worst.

"Yes. They pushed yours back, too. I was there myself half the day yesterday."

Maybe it was my fault — maybe I took too many of your men—but if I hadn't taken them we wouldn't have joined up with Remizov."

Saburov was silent.

"Of your three buildings the Germans took back one, the one built like a right angle. You remember it?"

"I know it."

Protsenko was talking in a deliberately quiet tone of voice, but from the way he spoke he obviously felt some kind of personal guilt before Saburov, because he had taken men away from his battalion and had taken Saburov himself. Saburov could complain now that if he had been there himself this would not have happened, although both men knew that it might have happened just as well with him there.

"The way it's worked out, go on back to your battalion and dig in

there, where it has stopped. That's the chief thing. Don't be angry."

Protsenko slapped the stubbornly silent Saburov on the shoulder. "The most important thing is that the division is all together. That's worth more than your building. Yes. By the way, we've served together a long time, but I never knew before what a secretive person you are."

"Why secretive?" Saburov asked in surprise.

"Of course, secretive. I've already told you that I passed half a day at your battalion. They told me everything there."

"What did they tell you?" Saburov asked, still not understanding.

"You've got married, they say."

"Ah, so it's that . . . Yes, I've got married," Saburov said.

"They told me you even wanted to arrange a wedding. So you were

going to have a wedding and not invite me, were you?"

"I wouldn't have done that," Saburov said. "It was just talk. We would have liked to have a wedding, but we wouldn't have done it."

"Why not? It's entirely possible. I know the girl. I even gave her a decoration. She's a good girl."

"Very," Saburov said.

"Is she a hospital assistant or a nurse?"

"Really a hospital assistant."

"Have you got a regular hospital assistant in your battalion?"

"No longer," Saburov said. "He was killed while I was in the hospital."

"Well then," Protsenko said, "I can appoint her hospital assistant attached to your battalion. If regulations permit it, I can."

"According to regulations, I'm entitled even to a doctor," Saburov said.

"Well, who cares what you're entitled to? Your battalion, for example, is entitled to have eight hundred soldiers, but where are they? A hospital assistant I can give you, but only on one condition . . ."

"What is that?"

"The condition is that you invite me to the wedding. And one more thing. Don't be offended, Alexei Ivanovich, if I talk a little bluntly."

For you, she's your wife, but for the battalion she's a hospital assistant. That means she can't have anything to do with battalion affairs, except with problems of the wounded."

"I agree," Saburov said. "At the same time, if you have any doubts, she can stay where she is now."

"No, I have no doubts," Protsenko said. "I simply was thinking of it in general and so I said it. That's all. Well," he added, suddenly remembering, "get on back quickly."

Your Maslennikov has been waiting for you too long. How that man adores you. He was angry that I took you away. I know. I had to tell him. Your Saburov is coming back. He'll come back—don't get excited."

He stretched out his hand to Saburov. "Get on now. Good-bye."

Saburov took his leave and made his way back to his command post. When he walked up to his dugout he saw Petya's familiar figure in the trench next to it, and something turned over in his heart. He felt as if he were coming home. "Comrade Captain!" Petya said happily. "We've been waiting for you."

"You should have waited less, and fought better. I must say you fixed up quite a present for my return," Saburov said, trying to hide his pleasure at seeing Petya. "You gave away a building."

"That's true," Petya said. "We just didn't have the strength to hold it. After all, the general took forty men away from our battalion."

"He didn't take them only from you, he took them from others, too."

"And they were pushed back, too," Petya said, offended. "It just wasn't humanly possible. The commissar and Maslennikov have been waiting and waiting for you."

"Where are they?"

"Comrade Vainin is here."

"And Maslennikov?"

"As soon as it started to get dark, he went over to the other building. You can't get there now in the daytime."

"Were many killed?" Saburov asked.

"Eleven killed, 32 wounded," said Petya, who loved exact answers.

"And they killed Maria Ivanovna."

"And her children?"

"The children, too. All together. A bomb landed straight on her cellar. It left just one crater, and not a thing to be seen round it."

"When was this?"

"Yesterday."

Saburov remembered how this woman had said to him, an endlessly long time ago, it seemed—a whole eternity—in her indifferent voice: "If a bomb comes, let it come. It will be one end for me and the children together." Her prediction had been fulfilled.

"Yes, you've told me a lot of news," Saburov said. "Too much," and, raising the curtain, he walked into the dugout.

Vainin was dozing at the table. "Vainin," Saburov said standing over him. "Vainin."

The sleepy man started up, then seized Saburov's hand, looking at him as at someone from another world.

"We were getting worried about you," he said.

"It looks as if you didn't have much time to worry about anything."

"No, we found the time. Maslennikov will tell you. He's over at the other building just now. Konyukov is in charge there. Because Potapov was killed."

"What?"

"Yes, killed. So I made Konyukov a company commander at the critical moment on my own authority. There wasn't anyone else."

"You did well," Saburov said, and a moment later Maslennikov appeared on the threshold of the dugout.

For an instant, he stood there motionless, then he threw himself on Saburov, embraced him, picked him up in his arms, kissed him, grabbed him by the shoulders, held him away, looked at him, pulled him back, kissed him, and pushed him back on his stool—all of this in less than a minute.

Please turn to page 30

By KONSTANTINE SIMONOV

Accentuate your loveliness . . .



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Whatever your mood and whatever the occasion, the delicate fragrance of Yardley English Lavender will subtly enhance your personality. This same lovable fragrance—as refreshingly sweet as first love . . . and as unforgettable—graces Yardley English Lavender Soap . . . the luxury soap that's so kind to your skin. Truly, a perfect ensemble with which to accentuate your loveliness.

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AT ALL FINE CHEMISTS AND STORES

YGC.246

LEAVE IT TO MIKE

By Mina Gray

When a girl burglar dropped in unexpectedly, he found his schedule pleasantly interrupted.

He collapsed underneath the window on a leather couch, and she fell on top of him. In the resultant tangle of arms and legs she didn't seem to get very much farther than a seat on Mike's knee. He grinned at her delightedly. "I felt all the time there was something faintly unsatisfying about your position on the window," he said. "Now you look just right there."

She stood up indignantly, and backed behind a chair. "Now," she said, coldly, "who are you?"

"Me?" His eyes continued to admire her. "I told you, I'm Mike—Mike Summers—and may I say I've never had the third degree from a lady burglar before."

"What are you doing here?" she said stiffly.

"I'm a reporter."

"Evening Post," he said laconically.

"A . . . a reporter?" she jumped.

"Yes. Know Elsie Crane?"

"That crazy cool of a woman who ferried bombers? Well, this is her home, and she's expected back on Monday. Her brother's a pal of mine, and I'm here to corner the first

interview in case he can't get down in time."

"Down here?" Her eyes were cold.

"Well, Pete wanted her to drop off here quietly first so he could soften her up for the reception he's been warming up in the city. Mallard, Crane stuff, advertising, y'know."

"Of course," she said forlornly; so that was the explanation of Pete's wife.

"Going to marry Steve Fleming . . . Elsie Crane," he grunted spasmodically. "Bloke that owns all these sheep and things you passed on the train."

"Oh," she said. Of course she

knew. She was expected to marry Steve—one of those "suitable" marriages, but she was not so sure about it now. She hadn't seen him for three years.

She switched her thoughts back with a jerk, just in time to hear him ask, "What's your name?"

"I . . . I . . . her mouth hovered hesitantly.

"Don't bother," he smiled. "I'll call you Willy."

"Willy?"

"Of course . . . short for William Sykes, see?"

Please turn to page 35

STEPPING from the taxi into the quiet main street of the country town, the girl stifled a yawn. She found it hard to get away from the driver, who was determined to finish his conversation.

He said, "Elisha Crane's coming back to-morrow. Y'know her? She ferried bombers across the Atlantic. Her brother's the head of Mallard, Crane and Co., the engineering firm down in Sydney."

The girl picked up the case, stood hesitating, wondering whether it would be polite to go. He went on, "Here, y'know, till the old man moved to the city and founded that firm . . . over in the house up the hill there . . . You a reporter?"

The girl shook her head with a vague smile and wandered off; it had begun to rain.

She went to the house on the hill. She didn't ring the front-door bell. Round the back she put down her suitcase and inspected the catch of a window that evidently opened on to a lounge-room. It clicked faintly under her probing fingers. She smiled, and tried to push up the lower part. It wouldn't budge—a broken sash-cord, evidently. Putting the case up on one end, she stood on it carefully, pushed down the top, then levered herself through the window.

Suddenly there was an unmistakable tug at her rear. She looked back suspiciously, and realised that it was the window catch. She hung suspended by some precarious undergarment over a couch. She wriggled and tried to reach back with her hands to release herself.

Tears of tiredness and irritation came into her grey eyes. She thought: "Nothing else can happen to me," the way women do—even capable women—when they haven't slept much for three nights. But something else did happen.

To her frozen horror the light was flicked on in the room. Her heart started to beat wildly. There is something so silently terrifying about an unexpected flood of light. It was worse because she knew nobody ought to be in the house but herself. Not according to her schedule.

Round the angle of the door a face bobbed. It was a thin, pleasant face crowned with unruly brown hair. The body followed it after a moment; it matched the head.

He cocked one eyebrow at her like a puzzled terrier. "Hello," he said, "having trouble?"

It was a very normal sort of voice, with a lazy undercurrent of humor in it. "Get me down from here," she ordered coldly, perfectly certain he had no right to be where he was.

"Some women," he remarked pleasantly, "would find it rather a strain to look glamorous hooked on to a window-frame, but you get by."

"Get me down," she repeated, with an uncomfortable idea that he could be crazy after all.

"Tut, tut!" he remarked gently. "Even burglars can be ladies, if they try."

Burglars! So that's what he was. Not that there was much in "Cromal" these days to steal, she thought. Not unless you were keen

on old-fashioned furniture that just missed being antique. Pete had a chromium-mounted flat in town—it was more convenient. Once "Cromal" had been important in the lives of the Crane family, a sort of solid pivot round which all things revolved—a home. She shivered faintly. Somehow she and Pete had come loose from this anchor . . . but burglars!

"Are you going to get me down?" she said menacingly.

"Say please," he grinned.

"Please," she conceded, deciding to humor him.

"On second thought, say: Please, Mike."

"Please, Mike," she snapped savagely. He came across the faded brown carpet and inspected her slowly.

"Well?" she exclaimed.

"Like to do jobs thoroughly," he said easily. "Going round the back to see what's holding you up."

"You . . . you," she stormed.

There was an ominous ripping sound; she fell forward. In falling she flung out her arms to save herself, and Mike's shoulders got in the way.

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"You look just right there!" he said, to her great indignation.



WYNNE W. DAVIES

BRIDE AND MAIDS

• Bridesmaid's frock is pink tulle cut on romantic lines with wide skirt, fitted bodice, and prettily draped sleeves caught in at low neckline, decorated with a net frill.

• Bouffant frock for second bridesmaid is suggestive of the Madame Pompadour period in ice-blue taffeta, the ruffles over the shoulders and accenting the wider hipline are lifted to show posies of pink rosebuds.



• The bride wears ivory satin for a lovely bridal gown. Its classic lines made dramatic with yards of ruffling on bodice and flared, trained overskirt. Two white roses anchor the cut tulle veil to her coiffure.

• Mist-grey net for a matron to wear. The bodice fitted with tiny draped sleeves and peplum, and a skirt gushing fullness to the floor. Rose-pink gloves are an attractive color note.

TROUSSEAU PIECES . . .

• For a house gown (below), try a soft shaded green, a lovely, restful neutral color to wear often. Make it distinctly different by outlining the comfortable dolman sleeves and heart-shaped pockets with an applique of wide white lace.



• Sleek fitting chiffon slip with appliqued satin detail round the top and accenting a tantalizing slit hemline.

• This is what America calls a "petticoat pair-up." (Above right)—a gay little combination of matching satin bra and waist petticoat, made pretty with deep lace edging.

• Pink satin for a glamor trousseau piece. A nightie with Alencon lace applique on the low-cut bodice, joining the full skirt at the waist, and bordering the slit, trained hemline.

Long



FOR
DAYLIGHT
DINING
SKY-BLUE
PINK

Daylight Dining makes especial demands on beauty. The cruel light of waning day is one thing—the soft glow of night lighting another. Your make-up must be prepared for both, and your complexion must be prepared for the make-up. Begin with a quick Home Treatment with Miss Arden's divinely smooth, divinely refreshing Velve Cream Mask, then use her Sky Blue Pink Make-up with its charming, flattering rose-petal tones over her "All-Day" Foundation. It's called "All-Day" because it blesses you with a smooth, cool-looking skin texture for hours and hours and hours. You'll look lovely by all lights then, from twilight till dawn.

Velve Cream Mask Sky-Blue Pink Make-up
"All-Day" Foundation Cream

Elizabeth Arden
LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK • SYDNEY

'Celanese'
SIGNIFIES QUALITY

Crepes, satins, and other lovely fabrics in 'Celanese' enjoy a reputation which makes them in constant demand—but owing to current restrictions, supplies are limited.

When you are fortunate in obtaining 'Celanese' you will value it as a treasured possession. Look for the 'Celanese' trade-mark—it is your identification of a purchase which is worthy of your coupons. And, because replacements are not easy to get nowadays, TAKE CARE OF YOUR 'CELANESE.'



Celanese

British Celanese Ltd., London, are the Proprietors of the Trade Mark 'Celanese'.

No Profit on Love

Continued from page 3

IN the taxi she said, "I'm Hilary Lane. I'm an artist-commercial. Very commercial. Do you know Ingrams' Department Store?"

"Everybody knows Ingrams'." "Well, I work there. We'll skip the trimmings. Now, how about you?"

"Geoffrey Worthington, Farmer," he supplied.

"Not really a farmer?"

"Definitely a farmer. Pedigreed Jerseys, mostly. I also grow apples."

"In town for a holiday then?"

"Just for one day. I wanted something to happen for a change." He grinned. "This is it."

They were both laughing when the taxi pulled up, and Hilary was feeling distinctly better. I'm mad, she thought, stark, staring crazy, but I've got to go through with it now.

Through the blue haze of cigarette smoke, the chattering groups of people, she was looking for a dark, familiar head. Sipping her sherry, she could feel her face burning unbearably in the warmth of the overcrowded room. Ruth, looking glamorous as ever, took her by the arm. "He's perfect," she whispered. "Where did you find him?"

"In the post office," Hilary admitted. "He's a strong, silent son of the soil. Try talking to him about cows."

Out of the corner of her eye she saw the subject of their conversation threading a difficult passage toward her. He had a drink in one hand and an oyster patty in the other, and he was looking quite extraordinarily helpless and out of place. He's earning his evening, she thought. And then a voice behind her said, "Hullo."

It was always like that when she heard his voice without warning, that sudden breathless excitement, that curdled feeling inside. She turned slowly and met his eyes, grey, disturbing, amused eyes that laughed at everyone and everything and at himself most of all. Then her glance flickered to the girl at his side, a rather exotic ash-blond with an incredibly slender figure. Throughout the interchange of introductions she could feel Ralph's eyes watching her, watching Geoffrey.

"Swimming in unfamiliar waters, aren't you?" he said softly.

"Not at all." Her chin shot up indignantly. "I merely took your advice."

"You didn't waste much time about it," he observed dryly.

Hilary and the ash-blond, whose name was Babette, regarded each other with infinite disfavor. There was a painful silence. Then Ralph excused himself with the dexterity of a diplomat and piloted his companion to a noisy group at the other end of the room.

"Where," asked Geoffrey plaintively, "can I park these?"

He was still holding the unfinished drink and the oyster patty.

"For heaven's sake swallow them!" she exclaimed in exasperation.

"But I don't want to. I don't like them."

"Aren't you," she challenged him, "having a good time?"

"No," he said. Then, meeting her eye, "Are you?"

The automatic protest froze on her lips. "Not very," she admitted.

He said, "If we left now we could get to Quiet Hills in time for dinner. It's only thirty-five miles. And Annabelle's a wonderful cook." He glanced distastefully at the oyster patty.

"To where?" she parried, perceptibly weakening. "And who's Annabelle?" The situation was developing along all the wrong lines.

"Quiet Hills. The Worthington estate. The family broad acres. And Annabelle's my cousin, twice removed. You did promise me this evening, you know."

"All right then," she agreed. She felt suddenly too tired, too hope-

lessly miserable, to fight. "Let's go and make our excuses."

They battled their way into a crowded country-bound train. Dark and fog blotted out the passing landscape. All the bitter, aching disappointment of her day swept over her in a great wave of misery. Wedged tightly against her, Geoffrey was telling her about his little shy-eyed Jerseys, about blossom-decked apple trees in September, about Marmalade, the ginger kitten with the baritone purr.

She found herself listening, warmed by the sincerity and enthusiasm in his voice, her hurt strangely eased by the simplicity and friendliness which were bridging the chasm between their separate spheres of living. There was a fantastic unreality about the whole journey. And then, like port after a storm, the big sprawling home-stead, its windows bright with welcome, and the friendly blaze of a big log fire. The picture was complete, even to the singing kettle and the kitten with the baritone purr, and the soft-voiced motherly woman who fussed over her cold hands and feet, and made her drink spicy mulled cider.

Relaxed before the fire, with Annabelle busy in the kitchen, and Marmalade purring placidly in her lap, Hilary studied the big, low-ceilinged room with a deep sense of satisfaction. The house was old, but enriched rather than impoverished by time. Firelight flickered genially on good, solid furniture, built for posterity, on gleaming copper, and the dull, rich glow of old mahogany.

Dinner came—chicken and new peas and potatoes baked fluffy in their jackets; a great deep-dish apple pie, thick country cream in a wedgwood blue bowl. If my heart were really broken, Hilary reflected with a quirk of cynical amusement, I couldn't possibly be so hungry. Deliberately she switched her mind back to the misery and disappointment of the afternoon, but it seemed remote now.

"Now you've seen how the other half lives," Geoffrey told her. "It may not be your world, but it takes a lot of beating."

Her world! What was her world? She thought of the stupidity and superficiality of the party she had run away from, of the grinding, competitive world of business, of the unreality and meaningless routine of her life. Perhaps, after all, this was her world, the answer to everything—peace and solidity, a kettle on the hob, a kitten on the hearth, and a man with simplicity and kindness and broad, gentle hands.

Geoffrey drove her to the station in the utility, in time to catch the last train back to town.

"The original Cinderella left a slipper behind her when she disappeared," he reminded her through the window of her empty compartment. "Couldn't the modern Cinderella leave a phone number?"

She considered, wavered. Before her stretched a grey vista of unappropriated evenings, of time on her hands, time in which to remember. The train gave a preliminary lurch, a porter began to slam doors in noisy succession.

"Well, you could get me at Ingrams," she conceded, capitulating completely.

"I intended to in any case," he retorted, withdrawing his head, with his impudent little-boy grin, from the moving train.

Paula was in bed when she got home; in bed, but still awake. A drowsy voice informed her that there was cocoa in the kitchen, but she decided to skip it and went wearily to bed.

The house belonged to Paula. The diversity of their lives had never dissolved the friendship which had begun at school; and when Giles, Paula's not-particularly-lamented husband, had been killed, she had grown tired of rattling about in the big empty house, and invited Hilary to come and share it. It was a mutually satisfactory arrangement.

Please turn to page 25



A date for to-night?

Before keeping any date make sure that your teeth are sparkling and your breath fragrant by using Listerine Tooth Paste. This modern dentifrice gives a higher lustre, an extra brilliance; and because it is the only paste to contain the antiseptic oils of Listerine, it keeps your breath sweet longer!

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE



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FOR BETTER INTERNAL
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★ COLOSEPTIC
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10 O'CONNELL ST., NEWTOWN, N.S.W.

**Drink Craving
Destroyed**

Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? Excess has been the means of changing misery to happiness in homes for the past 30 years. Harmless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. State which required. Posted in plain wrapper.

Price 20/- Full Course
Dept. W, EUCRASY CO.
287 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.



● Cocktail hour finds Deanna in a black crepe frock with white wool jacket appliqued with green felt trees. The frock has short sleeves appliqued with black marquisette, and the jacket has long black sleeves and black back.

● Evening gown of navy-blue taffeta with eyelet holes relies for its effect on bustle bow and very full skirt. Sharp accent on the shoulder is achieved with taffeta bows. Long gloves complete the ensemble's formality.



Deanna Durbin models trousseau suggestions

● Four lovely ensembles which would grace any trousseau are modelled by Universal star Deanna Durbin. Above is a hand-woven blue woollen afternoon frock, flecked with white. Fashion feature is very full three-quarter-length sleeves. Sharp contrast gained by white kid belt outlined in red, and white gauntlets (above).

● Luncheon date in town on a winter's day is ideal occasion for the cinnamon suede jacket and skirt on the left. Bunny-pink is used cleverly for contrast in hat trimming and gloves.



The Australian Women's Weekly, June 1, 1946 — Page 11



Relax and enjoy NESTLÉ'S



*The Chocolate which
gives greater
pleasure to
moments of ease*

The taste-tantalising goodness of this
"chocolate of chocolates" subtly
enhances your rest. Each mouth-
watering morsel calls for another . . .
and provides your system with nourishment
in its most delicious form . . . the
nourishment which comes from the creamiest
milk, and the ripest beans of the cocoa crop.

YOUR
Favourite
CHOCOLATE

...and your glamor

Helpful advice
on make-up
for the bride



WE SUGGEST delicate make-up in clear, pale shades to accentuate the blonde fragility of this lovely bride.

By **CAROLYN EARLE**
Our Beauty Expert

BEAUTIFUL bride... whisper of satin... rhythmic flow of wedding march... heady excitement... confetti... June wedding.

The tempo of feminine heart-beats the world over quickens at the very thought. Interest is focused, and conversation is immediately geared to discussion of "what the bride wore" and "how lovely she looked."

In keeping with bridal tradition, radiant, glowing, and gracious the bride must always be, because never was the day more truly hers.

Make-up and grooming play a tremendous part in perfecting this picture, and should be keyed to naturalness and flattery. Nothing takes away the look of youth and freshness so completely as heavy, caked make-up.

But to start at the beginning, everything should be pre-arranged so there will be no last-minute grooming dashes on the wedding day. Try to arrange it so that all that is actually necessary to do on that day is to apply make-up, arrange your hair-do, and dress.

Continued on page 43



THE POISED, more sophisticated appeal of this lady so tall and fair calls for stronger cosmetic colors, applied more dashingly.



SCARCELY any serious make-up for such a sweet young thing—just a bright lipstick and dusting of powder. She is radiant youth itself.



WARM, GLOWING COLORS to pick up the olive skin and gipsy-dark eyes of the brunette beauty, with accent on vividness.

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 1, 1946

Peplums? or not?



Whichever way fashion goes
dresses will be better-made with

Joshua Hoyle
Cotton and Rayon
COLOURFAST FABRICS

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Andrews Liver Salt is the only sure way to have deep-down inner cleanliness. This refreshing, effervescent drink quickly settles the stomach, tones up the liver, regulates the bowels, relieves constipation naturally and thoroughly, and eliminates impurities from the entire system. You'll know what it's like to feel real well when you have true inner cleanliness with Andrews.

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WHEN DAYS ARE COLD MANY PREFER ANDREWS WITH THE CHILL OFF



Keep looking for this Day
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With supplies of soft, dependable, non-irritant "Viyella" and "Clydella" still limited, these fabrics must naturally be reserved for tiny tots. But don't worry, mother. Our English Mills are going full steam ahead in an effort to catch up on production, and the time is coming when the downy softness of these two famous fabrics—renowned for their washing and wearing qualities—will be available in colours, widths and designs for everyone.

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HAPPY WEDDING DAY!

By VICKI ANDERSON

SO your wedding "went off beautifully — not the slightest hitch." Well, you were lucky!

My wedding a few weeks ago was anything but a hitchless one — nor were the weddings of most of my friends.

In fact, I'd like to hazard a guess that only one bridal couple in ten survive W-Day without getting caught up in a hitch or two.

The happy pair can frantically plan and re-plan arrangements, study their star guide, read Emily Post, offer fervent prayers, but at some stage or other of the proceedings SOMETHING happens which wasn't on the schedule.

Tragic enough at the time, the unrehearsed incident is happily recalled later. More often than not, it remains among the most vivid memories of the big day, and can be the subject of a lifetime laugh.

Ordeal of ordeals for nervous grooms is that stand at the altar awaiting the arrival of bride, while every eye in the congregation bores approvingly or disapprovingly into the back of his neck.

I don't condone but I do feel for the groom who, unable to face this, decided to wait at the side entrance of the church and dash across to

the altar the minute the bride started her walk down the aisle.

He made two or three false starts, but eventually made it, beating the bride by a second to the altar.

The ring is the bane of any bridegroom's life. During the ceremony he is miserably certain that:

(a) The best man, to whom he has entrusted it, has lost it.

(b) That even if it is miraculously produced at the right moment, it won't fit the bride's finger.

The groom's unhappy premonitions are guaranteed to develop a hopeless ring complex in any best man.

One best man I know happily produced the ring at the crucial moment, but fumbled in handing it to the groom.

The ring dropped to the floor, rolled merrily along among the pews.

A dignified search revealed no trace of it, so the minister produced another ring and the ceremony continued.

Hastily arranged leave-weddings during the war brought inevitable hush headaches and only a sense of humor saved despair at times.

The telegram from a far-off post, "Arriving three days' time," the hectic rush for a minister, church, trousseau, reception, the borrowing of bridal regalia.

Any war bride will tell of the pitfalls surrounding these, no best man at the last minute, the flowers that almost didn't arrive, and so on.

One A.W.A.S. war bride scornfully dismisses the no-flowers as a minor tragedy.

In her case it was almost no wedding frock. Fifteen minutes before the ceremony her uniform still hadn't arrived from the dry-cleaners. A friend dashed down, collected it straight off the presser.

"I walked down the aisle," she said, "with the steam still rising from it, and instead of a delicate perfume trailing my wake, an awful dry-cleaner ammonia smell permeating the air."

My sympathies, however, in ruin romances and short-leave weddings were often with the respective in-laws. Far from enjoying or enduring, as the case may be, the normal peace period of getting together before the wedding, the in-laws sometimes got their first glimpse of one another across the wedding breakfast table.

I can understand the sentiments of the bride's father who in the absence of an M.C. was asked to propose the health of the bridegroom's parents.

"ME propose the health of the groom's parents? Heck, I haven't even met them!"

No bride or groom goes through the marriage service without feeling a faint chill that someone in the congregation will take the minister at his word that "If any man can show any just cause why they may not be lawfully joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

Unless you've been through the ordeal you won't know what a relief it is to the bride and groom when all is silent, and the minister passes on to the next part of the ceremony.

One best man, an ex-boxer, was determined to see his bridegroom friend through this part of the ceremony.

With tremendous solicitude for his pal, but with no understanding of the terrific effect his action would have on the already near-fainting groom, he turned round and aggressively faced the congregation until the minister continued with the service.

Gein of all wedding hitches took place at the wedding of a friend of mine and an R.A.N. officer aboard a warship in Sydney Harbor.

Aboard the ship, the 100-odd relatives and guests, completely en-

thralled by their surroundings, wandered round awaiting the arrival of the bride in full regalia in the ship's launch.

While the harassed groom, best man, fellow naval officers and sailors did their best to cope with the odd civilian consignment — keeping favorite aunts from falling down hatches or firing off guns or wandering down into boiler rooms — time marched on and there was still no sign of the bride or her launch.

Suddenly the bride's mother over-

A dignified search among the pews revealed no sign of the missing wedding ring.

heard a sailor whisper to someone that the "bride was adrift."

With visions of the bride in a disabled launch floating Lady of Shalott style down stream and out the Heads, the guests dashed to the side of the ship.

In the uproar, someone tremblingly broke the news to the groom. The Navy, however, had the situation in hand.

Accepting this unusual but new responsibility of His Majesty's service — a bride, his floating round the harbor — he strode purposefully to the quarterdeck.

Finding the bride's mother, he listened calmly to her tearfully saying that she had heard the sailor say her daughter was adrift.

"My dear madam," he said, "There is no cause for alarm. 'Adrift' is merely naval idiom for 'late.'"



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A "damp-set" with Velmol works on hair of any texture, any colour, on any wave. In just four minutes — with a few drops of Velmol — you can set your own hair into deep, firm, lustrous waves or curls — just as you like them best.

First: Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. Next: Moisten brush with Velmol and brush through hair. Now: Arrange hair with fingers and comb — you'll be delighted with your deep, firm, thrilling waves and curls that last for days — yet never "stiff" or "greasy."

HOLLYWOOD and the movies were quick to use this "damp-set" idea. Now Velmol makes it so easy — so simple — that you can "damp-set" your own hair at home . . . yourself!



"Still cleaning up? Why not switch to Bon Ami?"

You speed up every cleaning job when you stick to the cleaner that "hasn't scratched yet!" — Bon Ami! For scratches hold dirt and make hard work of cleaning. Why take chances, when Bon Ami is speedy and safe for every surface — baths, sinks, enamel stoves, pots and pans, glass, smooth painted woodwork, and metal fixtures. Keep a sparkle in your home (and your eye!) with quick, gentle Bon Ami!

P. S. Bon Ami comes in both Cake and Powder form.



Bon Ami

THE SPEEDY CLEANSER that
"hasn't scratched yet!"





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That well-groomed look, so dear to every sophisticated woman, starts with lingerie made as the lovely Prestige fabrics deserve... "Lingerie that has your measure." It's tailored as if for you alone, to fit perfectly and to last indefinitely as a joy forever.

This new Prestige styling completely outmodes the sizes 'SW,' 'MW,' 'W,' 'FW' and 'OS.' Prestige Lingerie does not fit by chance, but by your bust and hip measurements. Know your size by checking the chart below. If you are an in-between size your correct size is one size larger.

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Look for the Prestige Brassiere—it has your measure, too. Tailored in inch rises to give snug-fitting and comfortable support... made from durable and washable fabric.

by **Prestige**

ALSO MAKERS OF EXCLUSIVE HOSIERY

Tokio Japs curiously submissive to conquerors

Is this attitude merely Oriental cunning?

By DOROTHY DRAIN
Our Special Correspondent in Japan

To come to Tokio from Kure is like paying a visit to one's rich relations.

Everything is on a grander scale, but you don't feel as much at ease.

THAT'S how it struck me when I visited Tokio H.Q. SCAJAP (Supreme Command Allied Forces in Japan) after a month with BCOF at Kure.

For the Americans are in the position of Britain's rich relations. Here entertainment is laid on in American troops' theatres, dances and clubs.

There is something to do every night, though, judging by enticing U.S. recruiting signs on the Army buses. "Join the Regular Army." G.I.s prefer home to broad and stresses.

"How lucky are you," was the comment of Service men and women in Kure when at midnight, feeling like Shanghai Lil, I boarded a pullman car full of American servicemen on the Allied Express to Tokio.

The prewar situation was reversed because then, though thousands of tourists saw Tokio, none saw the secret base at Kure.

Certainly you get a better slant in Tokio on what effect the occupation may have on Japan.

There are more educated and English-speaking Japanese prepared to discuss the matter.

It is obvious that it is having an effect in the hands of America, with the usual efficient publicity propaganda machine.

Apart from official democratic education, other influences are at work.

For instance, the "Reader's Digest" has just started a Japanese edition with the former "Asahi" managing-director as Japanese editor, under the direction of Dennis McElroy, the general manager.

The most curious aspect of the occupation, to a brief visitor, is the apparent complete submission of the Japanese to their conquerors. The riots you read of are mainly directed against their own authorities.

I can't help wondering if the Japanese don't take a longer view than we of the English-speaking nations, and with characteristic Oriental patience are willing to wait till everyone gets tired and goes home, and it is business as usual again.

No resentment

IN the meantime they apparently see no point in making useless gestures of resentment.

For instance, one night I was with a party in a jeep looking for an address in the bombed-out suburb of Sakuragaoka—Cherry Blossom Hill—six miles from the centre of Tokio.

We had the address in Japanese writing, and stopped several citizens in the dark streets to ask the way.

All endeavored, either in broken English or with signs, to direct us. In their place I felt I would pretend, "I'm a stranger here myself," though probably a useless gesture of resentment.

Maybe the Japanese are smarter than we that way.

There are plenty of personal advantages in living in Tokio. The former Japanese Y.M.C.A., where are quartered several hundred civilian women working for the Americans, seemed, after Kure, like the Waldorf Astoria, with modern showers and comfortable beds.

It is easy to get transportation, and jeep roofs do not leak, but then I had known most Australian drivers by their first names in Kure.



WORKERS' DEMONSTRATIONS directed against their own Government are frequent in Tokio streets. The slogan of this one was "Let us work and let us eat." Marchers included men, women, and children. The main demonstration, which was enthusiastic and orderly on this occasion, took place outside the Jap Ministry for Food and Agriculture. Later riots have been more violent. Photograph by BILL BRINDLE.

The U.S. cigarette ration is 200 weekly against the Australian 80. Most creature comforts are in similar contrast.

The relationship is something like coming from Townsville, if it were bombed out, to Sydney, also bombed but with many big buildings standing and repairs being made quickly.

For this city with 7,000,000 population was the third in the world, and, though huge areas are devastated, its main section of wide, tree-lined streets and big buildings still has many of the attributes of a big city.

As you leave the damaged railway station, the first thing you see is the Ernie Pyle Theatre for G.I.s, where the famous war correspondent's portrait is illuminated with electric lights.

At street intersections an American M.P. and a Jap "cop" stand on separate street islands.

They wave the traffic on, blowing whistles, reminding you this may be the shell of a city, but it has plenty of noise still.

A large sign on a hoarding says: "Welcome Allied Forces. You are now in the heart of Tokio."

The Ginza, one of the world's famous streets, is now a shabby ghost of its former self.

You can see how impressive it must have been, illuminated with electric signs, but now many buildings are missing and the footpaths are crowded with Jap street sellers of hardware, souvenirs, kites, and Jap food.

The Ginza nowadays is pretty sordid. But round the Emperor's Palace, driving alongside the moat with its overhanging willow-trees where small Jap boys fish, is Tokio as it was, though the big buildings remaining in the surrounding streets are now offices of the Occupation Forces.

Jap city-dwellers are naturally more sophisticated than those in the smaller centres.

Though the housegirls are as willing and as artless as in Kure, the girls in shops and clubs here have lost that naive charm.

I pondered the advantages (?) of the sophisticated life when I tried to get some service from a gum-chewing Jap girl at a club desk, and when I found in the rather handsome department stores the same bored, detached service as in the wartime shops at home.

Incidentally, china teapots, nearly 51 Australian, would have been a bad buy at half-a-crown in the days when Australian shops were flooded with Japanese goods.

The only things I see in Tokio (except in the Imperial Household Museum) that I would like to take home are what the Yanks call "State-side."

They use the term "State-side" to cover anything direct from the States—parasols, news, and clothes.

Some of the State-side dresses, plastic handbags, and attractive raincoats brought to Tokio by American civilian stenographers would make Australians green with envy.

Fraternisation

IN Tokio I talked about fraternisation to a Japanese girl educated in America.

This girl, highly intelligent, spoke excellent English, and had worked in Japan during the war. She takes a poor view of Japanese girls who "fraternise" (euphemistic term covering many degrees of association).

"Apart from prostitutes and geisha," she said, "I think most fraternisers are 'mis' (American-born Japs who returned here to work for the occupation troops).

"Japanese men resent fraternisation, but are greatly afraid to show their feelings."

"They are often unnecessarily suspicious and believe the worst if they see a mere harmless conversation going on."

This girl, attractive herself, has a poor opinion of men, whatever country, and like many emancipated

Jap women sees hope for her sex in the occupation.

With her I saw over the Diet, where soon 38 Jap women, a world record, will take their seats.

Thirty-nine were elected, then one immediately resigned, deciding that family responsibilities were too great.

An elderly Jap guide, a former hotel manager, took us round the building, reciting in broken English description and history.

The Diet is of European architecture, but with the American plan in the interior, so the Houses of Representatives and Peers have semi-circular seating.

A Jap policeman with a mouthful of gold teeth had to be called to unlock the Emperor's audience room. (No Jap men are very prepossessing, but the policemen are even less, because the Japs themselves hold them in fear and dislike, even though their power has now waned.)

I couldn't help thinking the Emperor may not be divine, but he is still regarded as something obviously well cared for.

Next day I attended a meeting of the Women's League for New Japan, where some of the newly elected women spoke.

Miss Taki Fujita, a graduate of Bryn Mawr (U.S.A.), gave me a running interpretation of the speech of Mrs. Wazaki, elected for Akita prefecture.

Mrs. Wazaki spoke of food and housing problems and the high infant death-rate.

She also criticised bureaucracy, and said she told the young men in her prefecture to get on with the job of road-mending and not wait till the right department found time to organise road-mending.

Mrs. Wazaki, who had a beauty parlor in Akita, is a widow who supported and educated two sons, so is an unusually independent type for Japan.

Election of so many women to the Diet surprised the women themselves. They are interested in hearing about women of other countries and have good opportunities now, when Tokio

Girl reporter

IN a back room at the Women's League for New Japan meeting, where the women speakers and committeewomen dashed in frequently to refresh themselves with swigs of green tea, I met Mrs. Fusae Ichikawa, pioneer of women's suffrage, and was myself interviewed by a girl reporter, Miss Kurihara, of Kyodo News Agency, which was formerly Domei.

Girl reporters are another new feature of Japan.

Miss Kurihara asked, through an interpreter, about women's political activities in Australia, and my impressions of Japanese women.

Miss Kurihara, who is in her early twenties, carried an immense notebook, had a round, pleasant face and glasses, wore a green crocheted beret, baggy trousers and jacket, and a worried expression.

I sympathised with her, knowing how it is to report a meeting of three hours of speeches and discussion.

is full of women workers of all nationalities.

Where I stay, Kanda Kaikan ("Kanda" means district, "Kaikan" society building, hence the Japanese name of the Y.M.C.A. Building), there are Americans, Australians, English, New Zealanders, one Indian woman, and one Negro Red Cross worker.

The Australians include Shellah Hayes, of Wollstonecraft, N.S.W., and Jan Green, of Melbourne, who are working for the Americans; Hazel Bell, Sydney, Margaret Grant, of Melbourne, who are secretaries with Macmahon Ball, British member of the Allied Council.

This billet is one of several for women, and more American civilian women are arriving until they will number about 4000.

Editorial

JUNE 1, 1946

MARRIAGE IS BEST CAREER

THIS issue is largely devoted to the interests of the bride-to-be, her gowns and her glamor, her finery and her flowers.

These foolish things are dear to the heart of every woman, whether she looks back to a wedding day forty years ago or forward to one for which her bridegroom is not yet chosen.

For in spite of all the feminist progress of the past forty years, it is still in marriage that a woman finds the richest fulfilment of her destiny.

In the first flush of success outside the home, many women came to believe that they could find happiness in careers alone. They proclaimed their release from the slavery of the kitchen and the nursery.

Soon reaction set in. The bachelor girl in a well-paid job ceased to be the current symbol of emancipation.

The new symbol was the career woman who managed to be a successful wife, hostess, and mother too.

In thirty years women's thought had first accepted and then rejected the idea that marriage and motherhood make a narrow prison in which the higher abilities are wasted.

Women realised that a career can be a cold triumph compared with the warmth of family life and the satisfaction of helping to bear and rear the new generation.

And so today's woman, educated, emancipated, successful, plans her wedding with as much joy and sense of destiny as did her grandmother. She knows that in marrying she is taking on the most important job of her life.

Changes in matrimonial ads

Girls do the proposing in world where men are scarce

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

From the columns of newspapers published in every part of the world, a wealthy Belgian woman, Madame Jean Brocker, has made a unique collection of "view matrimony" advertisements.

In the last twelve years she has collected 73,000 cuttings which record the matrimonial longings of thousands of men and women of all nations.

In her opinion the advertisements which have appeared in the last six months tell the story of a changing world.

The war has turned the marriage market upside down," she said. "Princesses want to marry solid citizens or war widows want a second husband to help them run the farm or shop their first husband left them."

For example take this ad:

"Baroness, 29, elegant, attractive, extravagant wardrobe, speaking four languages, wishes meet, view matrimony, young man who travels as agent for film executive or owner of restaurant, where her talent would be profitable investment. No age limit. Percentage no obstacle."

In India many girls seem to have thrown off the dictates of caste, and one Bombay paper prints an advertisement that indicates how important is security against famine in the months ahead:

"We are privileged to have on our books Princesses, girls of highest birth, rich heiresses available for suitable marriages."

"Rich dowries guaranteed for full food supplies in present crisis."

But the opposite to this are many advertisements in other parts of the world where working girls call the tune.

For instance: "Three sisters, two widowed, each owning fine river barges in good repair, desire marriage, husbands to help form family transport business."

"Applicants must do woodchopping, feed livestock. Only those in good health and willing workers considered."

This ad is from Germany, where Danube barges have to keep poultry and collect fuel on the banks. In fact do much of the work on board as a member of the crew.

Germany's war widows, inheriting their menfolk's barges, are faced with problems that they feel only marriage can help them to solve.

In Baltic countries girls have

branched out and entered so many industries that many to-day "crack the whip" when it comes to choosing a life partner.

"Girl graduate, 24, with aunt, 35, one lumberjack, other experienced bricklayer, will marry men interested in promoting housing estate."

Even geisha girls are advertising, and one wanting to make capital of

Wait to be asked

BRITAIN'S girls seem to prefer to make their own arrangements in the good old-fashioned way of waiting to be asked, though several papers still carry advertisements for both husbands and wives.

Bond Street's matrimonial bureau still does a brisk trade among English girls and their men scattered throughout the Empire.

Catchiest advertisement in Britain is:

"Bachelor with two months' supply dried eggs seeks matrimony with girl owning frying-pan."

But it was treated as lightly as its facetiousness demanded.

She takes a long view of her prospective marriage: "We could be happy and prosperous until the time when we both lie in rosewood coffin."

More tragic is the note struck in the appeal of a Tyrolean.

A 17-year-old girl with herd and pasture "wishes to make acquaintance active, kind, capable young man with view to marriage."

But she adds: "Two Alpine huts to be manned in winter," so there's plenty of work for this bridegroom.

In the Tyrol it is customary for members of the family to take up lonely posts in the winter to prevent sheep from straying.

In both Vienna and Berlin it is nothing to see such an advertisement as this:

"Widow, 36, no children at home, years to remarry. Comfortable, well-furnished flat."

"Good wardrobe for gentleman. Three suits to fit man five foot eight and a half inches. Four pairs shoes, rainproof coat, and warm underwear. Replies from those in steady employment preferred."

Such a wardrobe, plus the comfort of a flat in a bomb-battered city of the Reich, must have

an irresistible appeal to thousands of eligible men in beaten Germany.

But it is not always the lost souls of Europe who advertise. Sunny California has its quota, as is instanced in an advertisement from a young girl who wants a husband who can satisfy her craving for pretty lingerie.

She says: "Clever young girl, blue-eyed, brown-haired, with strong character, affectionate nature, wishes marry man in good position."

"Had fifteen thousand dollars spent on education, but wants comfortable home, as am flapping at earning money for myself. Want husband who can buy pretty undies, in return can act as perfect hostess, will be perfect wife."



"VIEW MAT." The male appraises the matrimonial ads, most of which come from women now.

her knowledge of the West and, incidentally, marry into the ranks of the aristocracy. Inserted an advertisement in the newspaper, "Kyoto Hynde Shimbun."

All she says about herself is: "I am a beautiful girl, envy of all in geisha. Hair is long, falls back in waves. Face bright as morning dew. Have moral gifts to make a partner happy for life—and I have 100 dollars in cash."

"I have intimate knowledge of Western psychology. I would like to marry a young man, handsome, generous, of noble family, and I could guide him along the path of success, teaching him the secrets of trading with foreigners."

Interesting People



MRS. R. O. BOYE

... reports island weather

NOW revisiting Australia, Sydney-born Mrs. R. O. Boye is only woman wireless operator in Solomon. As honorary Third Officer W.R.A.N.S. during the war she operated lonely outpost transmitter, sending valuable weather reports and code messages for Allied Services. Was awarded B.E.M. for work. As "right hand" to her husband, manager of Kauri Timber Company, Mrs. Boye takes charge of island stores, office work, and provides "home-nursing" medical aid for natives.



REV. DR. H. R. TRENAMAN

... Christian education

RECENTLY arrived in Melbourne from Western Australia is Rev. Dr. H. R. Trenaman, who has been appointed Director of Council for Christian Education in schools in Victoria. His appointment is created by an interdenominational council representing all the Protestant Churches, which have agreed on a united approach to religious education in State schools. Graduating M.A. at Perth University in 1931, Dr. Trenaman was ordained minister of Methodist Church in same year. After post-graduate course at London University he returned to Western Australia. In 1939 was appointed chaplain of Wesley College.



MRS. ELIZABETH K. LANE

... barrister in Lords

BARRISTER since 1940, Mrs. Elizabeth K. Lane last month was first woman ever to appear in a murder appeal before the House of Lords. Leonard Holmes, soldier, was appealing against his conviction for the murder of his wife, Mrs. Lane unsuccessfully pleaded for reduction of the charge to one of manslaughter.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

Here comes the bride — and always a picture



1904. Bride wearing Gibson Girl frock of rich brocade steps into wedding coach of famous Hill & Co.'s coaches, Adelaide. Coach was reserved solely for weddings.



1900. Wasp-waisted bride wears white silk bombazine with a pin-tucked bodice. Bridegroom wears opulent buttonhole.



1902. Hand-crocheted medallions and pin-tucking trim this bridal frock of finest muslin. Medallions outline apron front. Paper serviette holds bouquet of daffodils and peppercorn. Veil is attached with orange blossom.



1908. Net over satin was this bride's choice, together with the fashionable bertha swathed across bodice. Incredible and intricately made lace mobcaps were very much in vogue.



1920. Tunics, dropped waistlines, low-browed hats were fashion accents. Bride's mother wore fine black taffeta.



1923. In this fashionable bridal group, the bride wore cream satin, a veil well down over forehead and caught up at back. Her bridesmaids wore blue satin frocks with floating side-panels, georgette cape sleeves, crinoline hats. Louis heels were modish.



1927. Flapper era group with short skirts, long waists, bobbed hair. This bride wore unusual floral headdress with a chin-strap, the bridesmaids dashing bandeaux.

Every child
needs this

INNER WARMTH



Serve
GRANOSE
with *HOT* Milk!

VITAMIN
FORTIFIED

ON cold mornings give your kiddies the protective INNER WARMTH that comes from a piping-hot GRANOSE breakfast! Particularly rich in whole wheat goodness including the valuable heat-producing carbohydrates—and fortified with added VITAMIN B1—Granose have been a firm favourite with mothers in colder countries for nearly four generations. They save time in the kitchen, too, because you JUST ADD HOT MILK! Obtainable from all grocers.



THE SANITARIUM
HEALTH FOOD CO.



Lucien Lelong. The infinite patience and craftsmanship of the French needlewoman are shown in this fine wedding gown. Made of white organdy, it is trimmed with ruffled bands of Valenciennes lace which frames delicate flowers made of lace. Valenciennes lace also hems the sheer net veil. These photographs were taken at the couturiers' salons in Paris specially for The Australian Women's Weekly.



Paquin. White organza as youthful as the 18-year-old mannequin who wears it. A little pony of moss roses is tucked in the tie belt, gloves are made of lace to match the youthful back-of-the-head hat and half-length lace-edged veil.

Three Paris Designs



Molyneux. High fashion to-day (right) — a long sweater top and peplum in white flat crepe and chiffon. The chiffon veil is held in place by a wreath of orange blossom.

New York Round-up

Men's clothes must be approved by women

Radioed by L. J. MILLER of our New York staff

The dominating influence of women in the United States puts men on the dress-spot. Women insist that men dress with meticulous regard for current styles, and that they make strenuous efforts to conceal the effects of advancing years. And that gives the cosmetics and clothing firms a clear break.

ONE bald fact illustrating this is the recently released official statement showing that the value of men's cosmetic business for 1945 was \$11,000,000. It's expected to be doubled in 1946.

Advertising tycoons promoting sales of the goods for men adopt the same technique as in selling for women.

The current advertisement for men's hats is headed: "Careful, men. You're being watched." The background shows an attractive girl scrutinizing each male head illustrated.

Another advertisement for after-shave lotion carries the wording: "Men! Dance date to-night," and goes on, "New lotion for men leaves the skin refreshed . . . wins instant approval of wives and sweethearts."

The theme of the advertising campaign presenting dentifrice to men is "Met her on Sunday; lost her on Monday," shows head of a forlorn youth.

WHEN a woman motorist, Mrs. Ivan Adkins, was stopped by traffic police she didn't get a ticket. She got a pair of nylons and nearly collapsed at the wheel.

The officer explained that he had been following her for eight blocks observing her style of driving.

He added she'd done everything right, whereas the preceding five women motorists had committed one or more traffic violations.

The Traffic Police Department had initiated the idea of presenting nylons to outstanding drivers as part of a safety campaign.



IN Los Angeles a famous hosiery designer has received an order from Twentieth Century-Fox to produce 30 pairs of gold-coated hose to be photographed in technicolor for "Forever Amber."

With gold costing \$13 an ounce, and eight ounces required for each pair of hose, it is estimated the cost of gilding 30 pairs of golden calves will be \$1000.

THERE'S a lot of hokey talked about "America tightening the belt to aid famine-stricken Europe," while people are actually gorging more than ever.

But butter and sugar are certainly hard to get.

So it wasn't surprising that in Philadelphia the other day 9000 women—and some men—stormed the market to buy butter which was for once offered in quantity.

The firm put 1200 pounds up for sale at fixed price and publicly announced an effort to break the black market.

Twenty police controlled the crowd, which had assembled three hours before the sale began.

Second in line of the three-block-four—abreast queue was one 82-year-old woman, who said she hadn't eaten butter for eight months.

AND then there are things like strapless brassieres, which are hard to get and so bulging with inflation that they now cost 400 per cent. more than before the war.

The "New York Post" comments: "Everybody hopes it's not just a boom before a bust."

The "Post" continues: "Where once you could count on these things to give you a gentle uplift, mention of the current prices is likely to raise you right out of the chair."

Before the war you could get strapless brassieres for \$4, and you could get them anywhere.

Now only one in five stores carries supplies and the cheapest is priced at \$2.

Others run to \$8, but these are all with garter belt attached.

That's all right if you like them that way but means you can't wear the thing in summer without stockings. It would ride up without the anchoring effect and you can't wear it with popular bare midriff styles.

Midriff wouldn't look exactly bare with garters running up over the tummy.

Peace—it's tough.

IT'S reported that a woman in Wichita, deeply hurt when her husband called her stupid, decided to do something about it.

She went to her dentist to have two wisdom teeth put in.

For better for worse

Darling,
We hope
You'll be so happy,
Said our wedding guests
Sweetly.
As happy as Dorby and Joan,
As happy as
John and me.

Darling,
I hope
You'll be so happy,
Said disillusioned Mimi.
As happy as
Our wedding guests
HOPED
Harry and I would be.

—Y.A.

A NEW baby-carriage is being designed with compartments for holding food, linen, rattles, and keeping baby's bottle warm.

But it also has a compartment for cigarettes, playing-cards, and racing form guide for mother.

A SIGN in a Philadelphia tavern reads: "Here's to the land we love and vice versa."

FOOD FOR FITNESS!



"This is the way to keep fit, young feller! Why, this drink'll make your muscles stand out like duck's eggs." Cadbury's cannot promise that, but Bournville Cocoa is a highly nourishing food in drink form, particularly good for youngsters. A cup of Bournville Cocoa is a great body builder . . . energising too — when made with one-third milk and a little sugar added, it contains the energy giving power of two eggs! But what interests youngsters more than anything else is its *real chocolatey* flavour. Give your boy Bournville Cocoa every day and see the difference it makes.



CADBURY'S
BOURNVILLE COCOA

As I Read the S.T.A.R.'S by JUNE MARSDEN

FRIDAY, May 31, and Tuesday, June 4, are two days of powerful planetary influences this week, bringing much good fortune to Librans, Aquarians, Geminians, Arians, and Leonians.

Only groups who will be affected adversely are Pisceans, Virgoans and Sagittarians, and they should live cautiously during this period.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Work hard, as success is likely now. Best days May 31 (to 10 a.m.), June 1 (to 8 p.m.), and June 4 (after 10 a.m.).

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Past good work brings rewards now, so use May 31 and June 3 (to 8 p.m.) to finalise urgent matters. May 28 (evening), 29 (to dusk), and 31 (forenoon) fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): The stars favor you now, especially on May 28 (forenoon), 31, June 1 (to 4 p.m.), 3 (noon to 4 p.m.), and 4. Work hard on these days.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Fortunate aspects are likely this week, particularly on June 2, 3 (7 a.m. to 4 p.m.), and 4 (after 2 p.m.). May 31 (to forenoon) also helpful.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Gains are possible now. May 28



(forenoon), 31, and June 4 (afternoon) helpful. May 29 and 30 poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Live quietly now, as discord and worries are likely, especially on May 30, 31, and June 1. June 2 and 3 (early and late) also tricky.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Grand possibilities, so plan well this week. May 30 (except forenoon) fair. May 31, June 1 (to 3 p.m.), 2, and 4 (except 8 a.m. to 10 a.m.) excellent.

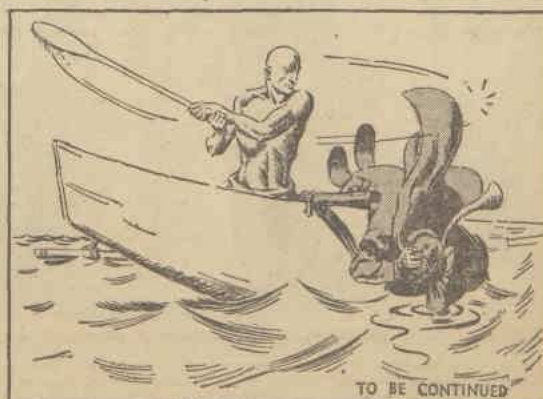
SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): May 28 (evening), 29, 30, and June 4 tricky. June 2 (forenoon) and 3 (to dusk) fair.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Beware upsets and rashness now, especially on May 29, 30, 31, and June 1 (to 4 p.m.). Avoid changes and contracts.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Unspectacular days for most Capricornians now, so keep to routine tasks. May 28 (to 3 p.m.), June 1 (after 3 p.m.), 2, and 3 all poor. **AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Use the present wisely now, as good things can result. May 28 (forenoon) and 30 (evening) fair. May 31 (to 1 p.m.) excellent. June 1 (to 3 p.m.) and 2 fair. **PISCES** (Feb. 19 to March 21): Avoid changes now and keep to routine work. May 29 and 31 tricky. June 1 (to 4 p.m.), 2, and 3 (dawn and evening) poor. (The Australian Women's Weekly prevents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 41-52.
BUTTER: 19-26.
SUGAR: 15-28.
MEAT: Black—53-55; red and green—57-100.
CLOTHING: 51-56, 237-112.
All food coupons expire June 2.





HAPPY SNAP of newly engaged couple, Denise Yaffa and Stanley Eskell, as they were on their way to lunch at Prince's. Denise is only daughter of the David Yaffa, of Sydney, and Stanley is only son of the Stanley Eskells, of Perth.



PHOTO FROM MELBOURNE. The R. G. Casey family contemplate the swimming pool at their Berwick home, but decide against a dip in the chilly autumn afternoon. Mr. Casey says it's first time for over five years he has felt cold. Jane and Donn down from Clyde and Geelong Grammar to welcome their parents back from India.



NEW ARRIVALS. Major-General Charles Miller, Chief-of-Staff to the Governor-General, the Duke of Gloucester, goes to Adelaide to meet his wife and daughter Elspeth, who come from England in the Nestor.



ENGAGED. Informal snap of Jo Gullett, recently elected member for Henty, Victoria, and his attractive fiancée, Ruth Colman. Jo is the son of the late Sir Henry Gullett and of Lady Gullett, of Melbourne. Ruth is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Colman, of South Yarra.

Intimate Gossipings

INVASION of Sydney by parents bringing children back citywards after school holidays and country folk coming to town for the Sheep Show and ram sales.

Sheep Show to be held this Friday and Saturday at Winchcombe Carson wool stores, Pymont, and ram sales are scheduled for next Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday at the Commonwealth wool store and the New Zealand Loan wool store, Pymont.

Lots of well-knowns coming to town... the Ted Bodys, of "Bundemar," Trangle; the Les Macleods with daughter Pam, from "Bunna," Moree; the George Hendersons of "Urishno," Bourke; the Roy McCaugheys, of Urana; E. J. Merrimans and their son Owen, of Yass, are a few who will be haunting Pymont over the next few days.

Taking advantage of the influx of country people, polo enthusiasts are arranging matches at Kyeemagh Polo Grounds. Believe games are to be held this Thursday and Friday, and a full-sized match on Saturday and Sunday. Sunday's match will be in aid of the Police Boys' Club, and proceeds of the day will go to the club.



BRIDE-TO-BE. Claire Lorena (centre), who will marry Dr. Errol Trevor-King at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on June 18, with bridesmaids June Hunter (left) and Rosemary Batchelor at pre-wedding tea given by June at her home at Vaucluse.



AUSTRALIAN BRIDEGROOM. Wing-Commander Anthony Willis, D.F.C., D.F.M., of Sydney, and bride, formerly Pauline Lord, at wedding reception held in barn of bride's home in Buckinghamshire. Bridesmaids Caroline Sturge and bride's cousin, Susan Browne, who was evacuated from Hongkong and spent two years in Cooma, N.S.W.

"WE did more or less plan our wedding to coincide with the sheep sales," says Betty Heapy, laughingly, when I ring to ask her when her wedding to "Jum" Falkner, ex-R.A.A.F., is to take place. Ceremony will be held this Thursday at St. Mark's, Darling Point, and "Jum's" sister Dottie (Mrs. Ron Payne), of Melbourne, comes to Sydney to be matron of honor. Barbara Hamer is bridesmaid, and John Holborrow, ex-R.A.A.F., and "Jum's" brother Bill, who is ex-A.I.F., will be best man and groomsmen. Reception is to be held at Ranelagh. Lots of country folk are invited.

"Jum's" cousin, "Mac" Falkner, of "Boonoke," Conargo, who is newly elected member of Legislative Council, and his attractive wife Jeanette come to Sydney for wedding. "Jum" and Betty will make their future home on "Mac's" property.

WHEN wintry winds blow, feel envious of Lorna Dickson, Y.W.C.A. Assistant Commissioner for War Services, when she tells me she has snug sheep-lined jacket packed in her luggage for Japan. Lorna is the first Y.W.C.A. member to be sent to Japan, and her job will be to provide amenities for Australian women serving with British Occupation Forces. British Y.W.C.A. members have already arrived in Japan and are busy establishing "Drop-in Clubs," similar to those in the Middle East.

Lorna tells me that she has also packed in her luggage "enough soap to scrub the whole of Japan," as it is one of the "hard-to-get" articles.



FAREWELL PARTY in Canberra for Canadian High Commissioner, Mr. Justice T. Davis, and Mrs. Davis given at American Legation by Mr. and Mrs. John Minter. In photograph are (l to r.): Mr. Justice T. Davis, Mrs. John Minter, Nancy Minter, Mrs. Davis, and Mr. Minter.

CHAT to Mrs. Franklin Smith, formerly Ruth Walker, who is down from Brisbane staying with her parents, the Douglas Walkers, of Manly, until she leaves for Manila, where she will join her husband, Col. Franklin Smith, U.S. Army. Ruth hopes she and her husband will make their permanent home in California.

BUSY with trousseau shopping and parties is popular Joy Carrodus, of Canberra, who has announced her engagement to Flight-Lieut. Ronald Hosking, D.F.C., R.A.A.F. Joy is daughter of the J. A. Carrodus, of Mugga Way, and met her fiancé when he was attached to Fairbairn Aerodrome. No ring has been chosen yet, but Ron is busy shopping for it in Melbourne and will probably have it tucked inside his pocket on his next visit to Canberra. Ron, who is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Hosking, of Boundary Road, Dromana, Victoria, has signed on with the R.A.A.F. for two more years and is at present in Melbourne doing a special course. Couple hope to be married next year.

COUNTRY visit for Joan Wright, who trips off to Young Picnic Races and is guest of the Fred Mannins at Minoru, Young. Another house guest is Commander Peter Atkinson, R.N., who is initiated into his first picnic races before leaving for England. Joan returns in time for wedding of Vicky Howes and Bill Liddell, which is celebrated at All Saints', Woollahra. Vicky is given away by her father, Mr. Noel Howes, of Point Piper, and her aunt, Mrs. Fred Radford, also of Point Piper, lends her lovely home for reception.

BACK in Sydney after nine months in Colombo are Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Osborn and their little daughter, Christine. Mrs. Osborn is the daughter of Mr. H. L. Pitt, superintendent of the Australian Red Cross Society.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Warrant-Officer Geoffrey Parr, R.A.A.F., and bride, formerly Dorothy Bennett, ex-W.A.A.A.F., daughter of the Clive Bennetts, of Orange, leave St. Philip's, Church Hill.

DIAMOND engagement ring being worn by popular young Dorothy Harding, third-year pharmacy student at Sydney University, who has announced her engagement to Peter Mansfield Ewart.

Dorothy is only daughter of the H. A. Hardings, of Queanbeyan, and Peter is only son of Air-Commodore V. Ewart, R.A.A.F., and Mrs. Ewart, of London, late of Melbourne.

JUNE 4 chosen by Margaret Love and Bob Mutton for their marriage at St. Michael's, Vaucluse. Margaret, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Love, of Vaucluse, was member of the A.A.M.W.S. until her recent discharge. She will be attended by Meg Dalton as bridesmaid, and her brother, Captain Colin Love, A.I.F., will be best man to Bob. He and Margaret will make their future home in Bowral.

JOYCE

THE house, as Hilary decided at first every morning when she awoke and contemplated her peach-and-silver bedroom, was perfect.

But no amount of cushioned luxury could help the misery of her heart.

Memory took her mercilessly back over the last three months. The first time Ralph had noticed her work; the day-long glow in her heart because his praise had been discerning and genuine. The first night they had danced together. The long, mellow golden Sunday they had spent in the hills. The first time he had kissed her and she had thought: This is the end of the world. Or the beginning.

Things he had said: "I'm a rolling stone, I'll never settle down. I'll never be able to, unless—" Perhaps the unfinished sentences in your life were the only really significant ones. And then, only a month ago, the night before he went away: "You've upset all my conclusions about women, but you've given me the best hours I've ever had. I could never do anything to hurt you, Hilary."

Never—until yesterday. Paula came in and perched herself lightly on the end of the bed. "No man's worth it, honey," she said. "From one who knows."

"You don't know anything about it," Hilary dared. "What do you know about marrying for love?"

The thrust was an unkind one, but Paula laughed easily.

"I knew enough not to, anyway," she said good-naturedly. "Love isn't any sort of an investment, Hilary. You stand to lose whichever way you look at it. A woman has more sense in her head than in her heart. Marriage is just an insurance policy."

Everything in the room, in the whole house, reinforced her statement, supported her philosophy. Paula's loveless marriage had proved an excellent insurance policy. Perhaps you married as an insurance against want and poverty and loneliness against the backwash of the years. And instantly Hilary was back in the big Worthington home-land, enclosed in its atmosphere of security and permanence.

Geoffrey came up to town on the following Tuesday with a transparent excuse which soon disintegrated into the confession that he wanted to see her and that he and Annabelle both wanted her to spend the week-end at Quiet Hills.

Ralph Ingram was away all the week and the days dragged in colorless succession. I'm getting over it, she told herself, the patient is convalescing nicely, thank you.

Yet when Ralph's shadow fell across her work on Saturday morning her hand wobbled uncontrollably and ruined some very delicate hand-lettering.

"I've been wanting to see you," he said.

"I hardly think it can have been necessary," she replied without looking up.

"It was. Very necessary. Hilary, for heaven's sake!" With a single deft movement he swept up her work and deposited it on a side table. "I don't want your attention for very long, but I do want all of it."

Outwardly cool, she met his eyes. "I made a horrible hash of things the other day. I don't think you understand."

"But I did," she said, color rising in her cheeks. "Perfectly."

"I shouldn't have tried to do it over the phone, anyway. I meant—"

"It was the best way," she interrupted, smiling. "There's nothing like a nice, clean surgical amputation."

His eyes, grey, were drained of laughter, his mouth was a tight, hard line. "Give me a chance to straighten this out," he said. "Can we have dinner somewhere to-night?"

"No," she said. "I'm going out of town for the week-end."

"Not—the farmer?"

"Yes, the sober, solid citizen. I like him. Very much, in fact."

"I see," he said quietly. "Then I'm sorry I intruded."

After he had gone she made a half-hearted attempt to patch up the lettering, and only succeeded in ruining it completely with a tear smudge.

Geoffrey and the utility met her

No Profit On Love

Continued from page 10

at the station. He was buoyantly cheerful, delighted at the prospect of showing her Quiet Hills by daylight. His welcome was duplicated by Annabelle's. Hilary followed the kindly old woman out into the kitchen, spicy and warm with the smell of good, abundant cooking, and felt the same sense of enchantment, of having stepped into another world.

"She hasn't any flesh on her bones," Annabelle complained, piling her plate with cream.

"If we had her here for a month—" began Geoffrey.

"I'd get as fat and plump as the cows," she laughed. And perhaps I'd forget, she thought. Nothing lasts forever; you can get over anything. Marriage is an insurance policy—even against ghosts.

She saw the acres of well-kept orchard, the big garden, the magnificent old trees. She saw the herd of Jerseys with their slender, feminine ankles and their soft, liquid eyes.

"Tell me what you think of it," Geoffrey urged her.

"It's half way to heaven," she told him, meaning it, and she saw his face light with pleasure.

During the next few weeks she held the memory of that Quiet Hills week-end before her as a shield. Not that she saw anything of Ralph to disturb her peace of mind. On one heart-stopping occasion they met in a crowded elevator and he said, mocking her, "Well, how are the pigs?"

"The pigs are cows," she replied, "and I like them better than some of the people I know."

Ralph laughed. "You'll look fetching behind a milk pail," he said.

Geoffrey was telephoning her with systematic regularity now, and she welcomed his phone calls as a brief alleviation from the tedium of the day. One week seemed darker than the rest, a week of routine, of uneventful application to her job of unremitting rain. By the end of the week the cold and the damp seemed to have found their way into her bones, and it was with quite genuine pleasure that she accepted another Quiet Hills invitation.

Packing her suitcase, she thought about Geoffrey. Wasn't she beginning to turn to him, to depend on him, to wait for his daily phone calls? And if Quiet Hills could change her, quell her restlessness with its placidity, so much the better.

He met her at the station, his mackintosh glistening. "If it keeps on like this," he told her, "we'll be marooned. The water will be over the bridge by to-morrow."

The rain abated very slightly, but Quiet Hills seemed impervious to mere weather. Its sense of peace and permanence enveloped her as she slipped gratefully into its pleasant, comfortable routine.

There was a storm that night, and at breakfast Geoffrey said, "The river's still rising. The bridge is under water. We'll have to put a phone call through to Paula."

But when they attempted to raise the exchange the line was dead, disconnected by the storm.

She spent the afternoon drowsing by the fire. Geoffrey came in for afternoon tea.

"I'd like to show you the house," he told her. "My great-grandfather built it, you know. It's the oldest place in this part of the country, and we've tried to keep it unchanged."

Finishing her tea, she followed him up the fine old staircase to the big upstairs drawing-room. "I'm the fourth generation," he said proudly. "Some day I hope to raise the fifth generation in this house. I may even see the sixth. Our history's bound up with the place, burnt into every brick."

They went down into the cellar. The dusty shelves were almost empty, cobwebs clung like ancient grey lace to the few remaining bottles. "My great-grandfather even distilled his own whisky, and you can still see the remains of his vineyard on the slope above the river," Geoffrey told her. Hilary watched him with dawning comprehension, seeing him as she had not seen him before.

The cellar led to the apple-room,

a large, dry underground storeroom, its tiered shelves packed with apples, large, firm, magnificently colored. Geoffrey stood at her side, smiling, silent, waiting for approval. "Quiet Hills doesn't belong to you," she said suddenly. "You belong to it. Nothing—no one—could ever come between you and this house. Not even a woman. You're in love with bricks and mortar, and tradition."

"The woman—marry will feel the same way as I do," he said. He turned suddenly towards her, his eyes shining. "You said yourself, 'half-way to heaven.' And then she was in his arms, his mouth on hers."

A hot tide of revulsion swept over her, giving her strength to tear herself free and rush up the narrow stone steps and out into the rain. Blindly she ran through the wet, dripping garden, her heart beating painfully. I'm lost, she told herself wildly. I can't go on. She ran without destination or intent, her face streaming with tears and rain.

There was a mud-spattered car at the end of the drive, and a man in an overcoat was walking towards her. For an incredulous moment she stared at the familiar figure, the long, loose, oddly graceful stride, then she went into his arms like a ship come to haven.

"Thank heaven you're all right," Ralph said. "I tried to ring you when they broadcast the flood warnings, and they couldn't raise you. There was a rumor that the whole district had gone under. I've been half out of my mind."

"But the bridge," she persisted. "It's under water. You might have been swept away."

He laughed. "Danger's my drink, you know."

She said: "But I don't understand. This doesn't add up to anything."

Gently he tilted her face up towards him, until their eyes met. "It adds up to more than you think," he said. "And the only thing you don't understand is that I love you too much ever to marry you. I'm a bad risk, darling. I'm unstable. I've got hot heels. I'd like nothing better than to be dragging you half round the world with me, sharing everything with me, but it wouldn't be fair. A woman wants a home, permanence, security."

"A kettle on the hob and a kitten on the hearth?"

"You can put it that way. And that's just what I'll never be able to offer you."

She said: "You're so terribly wrong. That's a man's cock-eyed, crazy idea. There's only one thing a woman wants, and it's a chance of happiness with the man she loves. It doesn't matter if the dice are loaded and the odds are a hundred to one against her, so long as she gets that chance. And nothing, nothing in the world, is any good without it."

Against her hair he said unsteadily, "I really believe you mean that. Oh, my dear!"

As they turned toward the house he said suddenly, "It was Paula who told me where to find you."

"Paula?"

"You don't want to take Paula at face value, you know. She made the wrong choice once and she has to justify it, but there are cracks in the veneer."

"I should have known," Hilary said slowly. "She was like that even when she was at school. She always covered it up if she was hurt."

There was a moment's silence, and then Ralph asked abruptly, "What about the sold citizen?"

Hilary laughed. "He's in love with a house," she told him. "They make a lovely couple." Then, seriously, "I didn't know what an ass I was being until just now, until he kissed me. Ralph, it was like—like going into a room and finding no one there."

He swung her round to face him. His eyes, grey, disturbing, mocked her tenderly. "And if I were to kiss you now, out here in the rain, what would that be like?"

"Like going home," she said simply.

(Copyright)

RWORTH Reporting

WE keep going back to look in the window of a shop in Sydney which sells surplus war goods. We like to gaze at the service respirator which carries the neatly red-lettered sign, "Bargain for Cyclists."

The sign goes on to explain that one respirator will yield: "A pair of goggles, two pieces of rubber tubing for handle-bar grips, and three-quarters of a yard of elastic for garters."

All for 2/11½, it concludes triumphantly.

Art-tie

AN office boy of our acquaintance does a nice after-hours trade hand-painting ties in oils. He fits this in between attending art school, advertising school, and his daytime job.

Despairing of ever finding a manufacturer with a really new approach to the tie situation, our friend once whipped up a tie made of chamomile. His favorite motifs are Mexican, especially cactus.

Once he was paid 35/- for a tie by a radio announcer.

The majority of sales are made to actors, radio announcers, and others desirous of expressing their personalities.



"He bends over backwards to please her."

AN American report says that cheese is not needed for latest rat-traps.

It explains that new electronic traps will have doors which drop when rodents pass a beam of small rays into the trap.

We're wondering why an intelligent rat will stick its head out by crossing the beam if there is no chance of his getting any cheese.

Quel dommage!

IN France they are not only making motor cars but they are also making jokes about them, says a message from our Paris office.

During recent months the plant that built a popular type of small car before the war has started production again.

To advertise the new models a competition was announced. A 1914 gold piece to the value of 100 francs was to be hidden in a certain district. The finder would be entitled to choose one of the new cars for himself.

The lucky winner was duly shown over the plant, and examined the cars carefully.

"Well," he said to the manager, "if it's all the same to you I'd rather keep the hundred francs."

Apology

MY one-time luxurious thalch Has developed a patch Unephemistically called Bald. It is palpable That pretty soon I shall be quite Unsuitable—So perhaps you might Forgive me for entering your flat Without doffing my hat.

—LARRY BOYS.

Still likes engines

OUR special correspondent in Japan, Dorothy Drain, who travelled on the same train as Australia's P.M. Ben Chifley on his trip from Tokio to Kure, says that he was very interested in the engines.

He told her that they were very similar to the A2 Class used on the Victorian railways.

"These engines are known in Australia as the Mikado type," said Mr. Chifley.

"I was told that some of this type of engine are being built in Japan for China, but there, they will be called the MacArthur type."

Thirty-two thousand miles' high-speed world tour didn't seem to have tired Mr. Chifley, who is referred to by the American Press as Joseph B. Chifley.

His secretaries say that his remarkable stamina is due to his early life of shiftwork in engine-driving. He can always sleep for an odd hour or two, and wake up quite fresh.

In his whole five weeks of travel he wasn't in a restaurant, shop, or theatre because he was too busy with official appointments.

"I didn't even have time to go into a bookshop where I always like to spend a little time," he told our correspondent.

"Haven't had time either to read any thrillers."

IN a faded old magazine dated 1902 we were entranced to read the description of a hat worn to a garden-party.

We quote: "Mrs. W. wore a speckled wide hat with a bunch of mixed flowers on the front brim."

"Running round the back of the hat was a bedding of pink silk, on top of this white chiffon was futed, and the whole carelessly draped with pale pink silk lace. Under the brim was a bunch of red cherries, and the whole lined with black velvet."

What! No birds?

Battle of the bulge

A MELBOURNE woman, Mrs. T. J. Dowd, has been watching the evolution of the Australian corset for the past 30 years.

And she is pretty pleased with the foundation garments now rolling off the production line at the large factory run by her two sons.

"Corsets have gone a long way since those massive affairs of grey-and-white garments heavily buttressed with steel that your mothers and grandmothers used to wear," she said.

"The 1946 models are so light you can turn somersaults in them."

"They can never be too light. In fact, I like to think of the modern corset as a second skin."

Mrs. Dowd started off in the corset business when she was sixteen. A tailress, she married a tailor and they set up their minute factory in a small room at Clifton Hill, Victoria, about 1915.

Later they moved to a large modern factory at Fitzroy, where she still works every day training exercise girls.

A SMALL girl whose parents have been most particular as to the way she speaks has found an infallible means of annoying them.

She has overheard telling a small colleague: "When I'm good I say 'I,' but when I'm naughty I say 'O!'"

"And the bride carried" . . .



FIRST STEP. Senior girl in Searls and Jeans' workroom unpacks flowers on early morning arrival from growers.



JUNIORS grade flowers, select those for bouquets. Senior designs bouquet, has a junior to assist with wiring and sorting of blooms.



POPULAR tuberoses can be used in all types of bouquets. Full shower here suits classic bridal frocks.



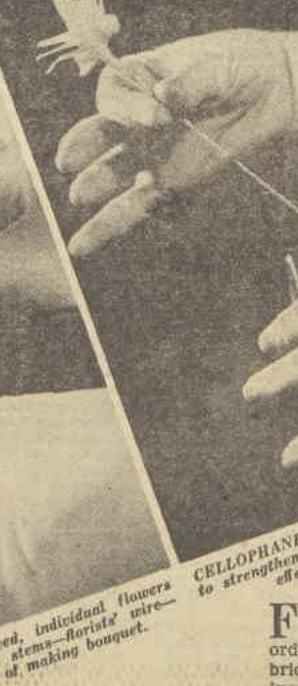
VICTORIAN posy of daisies, tuberoses, popular with many brides. Paper d'oyeys trim bouquet.



SHOWER bouquets of mixed flowers, carnations, tuberoses, are a favorite with brides.



STEMS are removed, individual flowers wired on artificial stems—florists' wire—in first step of making bouquet.



CELLOPHANE strips are wound round wire to strengthen and give glamorous silvery effect to artificial stem.



BOUQUET grows with form beginning of posy added and design.

florist

With Saturday still the busy period in any florist's week

FROM early morning, juniors and seniors in the workrooms cope with bridal-flower orders as varied in choice as the frocks of the bride and her bridesmaids. Shower and trailing bouquets, Victorian posies, muffs, floral curvettes for the veil—all are designed and

Story of a bouquet



MR. WENGER, with 20 years' service, delivers orders on foot to brides and bridesmaids. Juniors also deliver bouquets.



ADDING of other posies and trimming makes trailing posy bouquet which may contain as many as 10 posies.

WIRE STEMS are lengthened and strengthened by adding stronger wires of larger gauge. One posy is finished.

FINISHED bouquet with tulle ribbon is now ready for boxing by florist.



BLONDE BRIDE chooses curvette of tuberose. Many brides are wearing fresh flamer curvettes in preference to artificial orange blossom. Florist packs curvette carefully with bouquet.

Saturday is busiest day

Most popular of wedding days, busiest day morning, a mad but happy rush.

Under the skilful art of the florist, set on this page, tracing the evolution of bridal bouquet from selection of flowers to the finished product, were taken on a Saturday morning in the backrooms of Searis and Jeans by staff photographer Jack Hickson.

GLAMOR AND SIMPLICITY! Exotic Cattleya orchids for bouquet (left), while right is simple floral muff with handle at back. Muff can be made of any flowers.

Daughter in the House

Continued from page 4

Of course, it was unintelligent, she didn't deny it—this absurd wish that Clare and Bunty should see her sailing into Huckle's fashionably dressed with a star sapphirine on her engagement finger. After all they were her friends, they weren't meeting her to tear her to pieces. They just wanted to know what she was doing now was the old heart. If she were happy.

And what would she say—what could she say? The truth? "No, I haven't heard a word from Max No, my job is routine—madly dull I never go anywhere except to a local flick. I miss the companionship of the girls terribly—and I'm bored and miserable and civilian life isn't a bit like I hoped it would be!"

You couldn't say that. It would make Clare and Bunty feel very uncomfortable because, for them, everything was fine and dandy.

Clare had a career. Bunty had a husband. And what had Hilda got? You couldn't call her job at the Town Hall a career. You couldn't, not by any stretch of the imagination, call Max Judd a prospective husband.

"I'll write," Max had said the last time Hilda saw him, standing in the moonlight outside the Aldershot dance hall. "I'll write, darling. I'll write the first chance I get."

He hadn't. Silly to hope—as she did, even now—that he ever would. Not after all these months. Not even after their farewell kiss, a kiss that Max meant Hilda to remember for years—maybe all her life.

If only, Hilda thought desperately, while her fingers flew automatically over the keys, if only I'd used my brains when Dad came home that night, so pleased because he'd met Comptroller Hemphill and heard they wanted typists at the Town Hall I should have turned it down, found

a really interesting job for myself away from home. If I had done that—taken a room, made a new life for myself, I—I probably should have forgotten Max by now.

Hilda frowned, exasperated—with herself, with her family, with everything.

She took the completed foolscap sheet from her typewriter, glancing up inevitably into the mirror. Geoffrey Fenton was standing quietly behind her chair.

Geoffrey Fenton was the supervisor of the rehousing department. A man about forty-four, thickening slightly about the waistline but still attractive.

"The Fenton is our office, Cassanova," little Sally Malloy had informed Hilda on her first day there. "He'll work round to you, in time. We think he takes us all in alphabetical order—at least, he tries to!"

"Gone eleven," Geoffrey commented. "Aren't you going down to the canteen for the cuppa and the bun?"

Hilda glanced round the room, surprised to see that all the girls had gone. She shook her head.

"Can't be bothered," Geoffrey perched himself on the edge of her desk. "You sound all bored and gloom."

"I am—in the last stages of it."

"Me, too. This district is a natural morgue." He swung his leg, staring complacently at an expensive brown shoe. "Still—never too late, and all that." He paused. "How about cheering up by other up with a little drink and a spot of rhumba? To-night, eighthly. Got the car—I could run you out to the 'Knave of Tricks.' It's not bad—almost up to the old roudhouse standard."

Hilda hesitated. "I'm meeting two

crones in town this afternoon, we shall probably go on to a show—"

"Oh—girls! Aren't you sick of the sight of girls?" He stared at her mockingly, through a haze of cigarette smoke.

Hilda flushed. He knows, she thought. Knows there isn't a man in my life. Knows I'm lonely, bored, unsure of my charms. A flame of pride sprang up in her. "Sorry. I don't break dates—not even dates with girls."

He shrugged. "Please yourself." He got off the desk and sauntered to the window, leaning against the ledge. "At least, come over here and enjoy a smoke—your work isn't all that important, is it?"

Hilda went over, staring at the flame from his lighter, avoiding his eyes, unable to think of a thing to say. It is humiliating, Hilda thought, the way that—well, not hearing from Max—makes me feel so gauche and stupid with other men.

Geoffrey suddenly laughed. He was looking through the window. "Will you just take a look at that!"

Hilda looked. "It's Miss Pringleton—Annie Pringleton. She lives with her mother in the big Victorian house in Elder Road—at least, she lives there alone now, with five cats and an awful fat poodle. Her mother died last year—she was eighty-five."

Geoffrey laughed again, his eyes malicious. "How do women get themselves that way?"

Hilda didn't answer. Miss Pringleton, who was always catching Hilda in the shops, smiling her toothy smile.

"You must be so glad to be home dear. And so nice for your mother, too, having a daughter in the house. My dear mother often said she just didn't know how she would manage if I weren't always there. Of course, there were my sisters—but they married very young and lived miles away."

Of course, it was silly, it was over-dramatising the situation, but—well, such things did happen—there was an example before her eyes—Annie Pringleton—poor, ridiculed Annie Pringleton. "I'll write," Max had said. "I'll write."

Blind, despairing panic shot through Hilda. Geoffrey was still sitting on the window-ledge, watching her.

She reddened. "I should have thought that—on a Saturday night—your wife would expect—"

Geoffrey smiled. "Saturday nights I usually go to the club. Anyway, my wife and I—"

He broke off with a shrug. The shrug told Hilda that she need not fear any complication upon that score. Oh, she thought helplessly, why not? What am I waiting for—fairly godmothers, nuns, or—? You can wait too long—you can wait for ever.

"I might be able to manage that drink after all, Geoffrey. I won't promise definitely, because I can't be outside the station at eight—but don't wait longer than ten minutes."

He put his hand on her knee, barely pressing it. "Now that's a sensible girl. And if you can't make it, well, I'll understand." But his eyes said: "Oh, you'll be there!" He stood up, smiling confidently. "Until eight—if you can manage it. You know, I can be good company—when I'm in the mood!" Then he sauntered out of the room, his hands in his pockets, whistling.

Hilda went back to her typewriter. She could make something of it to the girls. "Awfully sorry, but I must go, darlings. A date. Yes, he's rather attractive." She would not add, of course, that Geoffrey was married—that she didn't even like him very much. But at any rate, she thought grimly, he's better than nothing—certainly better than five cats and an old fat poodle dog.

The first half-hour of the reunion went surprisingly well. They talked about the old days, about discipline and amateur concerts.

Bunty was commanded to give them minute details of the glory of her new home.

Then it was Clare's turn, telling them of a film lovely she had interviewed for her paper. That led, inevitably, to clothes. They admired Bunty's little sealskin jacket, ex-

claimed over Clare's black suit. Hilda was assured that she looked awfully well and her blue flock wasn't a bit dull—honestly, duckie! Somehow, they had missed asking her any direct questions. Hilda relaxed, happy that her friends were happy—that she could go home without having to lie about emotions.

"Well," Clare said, flicking her lighter to their cigarettes, "what now? Can you stay on in town or—"

Now, Hilda thought, now I shall tell them my embroidered version of Geoffrey. But Bunty cut in first, shaking her head. "I must get back and cook Tim a decent meal. He's been working terribly hard, too hard, but—" she paused, and then the words came out in a rush. "I'm going to have a baby!" And her eyes filled with tears.

Clare and Hilda leaned forward to take Bunty's hands, murmuring congratulations, but she brushed their words aside with a hopeless little gesture. "Please—please don't. I thought it was wonderful, at first. So did Tim—still does. But I'm not so sure now." She flushed, adding quickly, "Please don't misunderstand. But—well, everything is so horribly expensive and I'm a rotten caterer—and now there's the baby coming. Tim's working overtime to get extra money, and sometimes he looks like a middle-aged man—at twenty-four! It isn't right—and I feel it's my fault. Sometimes—sometimes I yearn to be just a single girl living at home—like you, Hilda. Or with a wonderful career—like Clare."

"Me?" Clare lit yet another cigarette from the stub of her last one. "As we seem to be letting our back hair down, shall I tell you what my wonderful career does to me? It fills me with terror! And there's a youngster on our paper who is brilliant. I catch the editor looking at her, and then at me—and every time I think 'This is it, Clare, old girl, the order of the boot!' And I take twice the time I should to get my stuff in because I alter it and scratch out and put in and worry all the life out of it."

There was an uncomfortable silence. Then Hilda knew what she must say to these two who thought she had what they hadn't. She told them that Max had let her down, gave them word for word the dialogue with her parents at breakfast, told them of the scene with Geoffrey and the depressing panic caused by the sight of Annie Pringleton. Told them of the boredom, the irritation—"and what I can't fathom," she added, "is why everything has gone sour on me! For months, for years, I dreamed of this—for the war to be over, to be sitting down to meals with mother and father, to have the blissful privacy again of a room of one's own. And now I've got all that, I want to be back in the billet with the old crowd, having fun—"

"Except," Bunty said with unexpected irony, "except that we didn't think it was fun—quite a lot of the time. Do you remember how we longed for all the things that civilian life would bring us?"

"Meaning, of course," Clare put in, with a sudden, humorous smile that wiped out all the tightness about her mouth, "meaning by that the things we expected of civilian life. I expected to pick up my work exactly where I had left it off and leap from success to success. Bunty expected all the glamor of marriage without any of the dishpan reality. Hilda expected to stay at home just as long as it suited her—until she walked down the aisle on Max's arm."

Hilda flushed. "Max was a defeat—and I'm not taking it well."

There was a slight pause. Suddenly Clare said: "We're whiners. We're as bad as the gloom merchants. We all had lean patches before the war—why should this peace be without them? Here I am, doing the job I want to do, while there are hundreds of girls, six years ahead of their lives, having to start from scratch."

"And there are girls," Bunty said softly, "all over the world, bringing up their babies entirely on their own with no husbands at hand."

FINING in, Hilda thought. There are girls who haven't homes to bore them, who would be glad to be bored by family life!"

Hilda took off her hat and leaned her head against the carriage window.

I shan't meet Geoffrey, she thought. Geoffrey and Max are brothers of the same pack—a wolf is a wolf, whether he's thirty or fifty, married or single. She knew then, at that precise moment, she had stopped loving Max. There would still, of course, be her other problems—the monotony of her job, the moods of restlessness and loneliness. But I can take it, Hilda thought, I can take it.

"Excuse me, but aren't you Miss Presland?"

She turned from the window. Seated opposite her was a young man, an unremarkable young man whose face was vaguely familiar, but she couldn't place it. "I'm Hilda Presland, I'm afraid I don't—"

He smiled. "I don't suppose you do—we only moved to your street last week. I'm John Drewson. We're three doors away from you."

"I remember now—my mother called to see if there was anything she could lend—you know, a spot of milk, or the lawnmower—"

They talked. They walked out of the station and along the street, still talking. How very pleasant it is, Hilda thought with surprise, to be talking to a young man as just a fellow human being. Talking easily and naturally, without wondering what effect one was making or how one's face was looking.

Hilda stopped.

"This is my gate?"

"Oh, well—I expect we'll be bumping into each other—living so near," He hesitated. "I—I suppose you couldn't recommend a good local tennis club?"

"I belong to one in Bonford Avenue; it's rather good. If you like, I'll ask the secretary to write you."

He smiled. "That's awfully nice of you—thanks. Well—good-bye." He tipped his hat and walked down to his gate, unwatching it and going in—but he paused then, looked back, saw that Hilda was still standing there, and waved.

Mr. Presland was in his armchair by the fire. He looked at Hilda over his paper. "Hallo, m'dear—have a good time?"

"Yes, thank you, Dad."

He chuckled. "I'm glad you're back. Was wondering if I'd have to come up and bail you out, Corporal."

Hilda laughed obediently. Give him time, she thought, give him time and he'll stop this corporal business.

"Why, you're early, dear!" Mrs. Presland came in from the kitchen. "Did you have a nice time—and I hope you didn't come back because you thought we—"

"I came back early because Clare and Bunty had things to do and I didn't feel like staying on alone—"

"Very sensible, dear," Mrs. Presland sat down to a pile of mending, watching Hilda drop to her knees and stroke the dog. Hilda's mother glanced at her husband, who nodded silently. "Hilda, your father and I have been talking, and we wondered—would you like to go to York for a long holiday—to Aunt Miriam's?"

Hilda looked up, astonished. "But—but, my job—"

"Oh, father could fix that. Or perhaps you would find a more interesting one in York. You'd have more fun there with your cousins. Parties and dances and—and a chance to get round and meet new people." Her mother's voice wavered, but she went on bravely. "It must be very dull for you here—just father and I—and we want you to be happy, dear."

Hilda sensed that behind his paper her father was waiting impatiently for her answer. "Well," she said indignantly, "tired of having a daughter in the house already? This is a nice thing! Just as I'm getting round to settling down—why on earth should I want to go to York? This is my home!"

"Oh—well—"

That was all Mrs. Presland said. But as she passed Hilda to go to the kitchen she put out her hand and touched the girl's shoulder. Hilda put up her own hand and squeezed the sturdy, gentle fingers.

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IF HER NAIL FILE COULD ONLY SPEAK...

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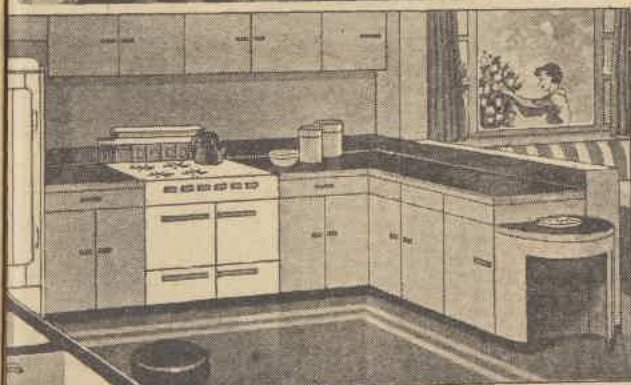
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Continuing . . . Days and Nights

from page 5

PETYA meanwhile had poured vodka, and for a time the three men sat eagerly talking and cringing together, in the spirit of quite a festive occasion.

"Well, how's everything in the other building?" Saburov asked of Maslennikov eventually.

"Konnyukov is running things there like a tsar," Maslennikov said. "He has made himself chief of the garrison, and he is behaving with the dignity of a lieutenant-general."

Saburov rose to his feet. "I'm going out," he said.

"Where?" asked Maslennikov.

"I'm going to look over the position."

"I'll go with you," Maslennikov said.

"No, I'll go alone," Saburov could see that Maslennikov was ready to drop with fatigue. He placed his hand on his shoulder. "That's all there is to it, Mishchenka. Sit down and remember that when an officer returns to his own unit he is received like a guest for the first half hour, and then he is the boss again. Understand? Lie down and sleep. When I come back I'll wake you up and we'll talk about plans for to-morrow. You should also get some sleep," Saburov said to Vanin.

"I've already slept," Vanin said with a smile. "I just can't finish my political report. I've tried three times."

"Get yourself a rest now," Saburov said, "and then write something interesting, so people will read it. Well, good-bye and good luck."

Saburov and Petya went out of the dugout. Maslennikov stretched out on the cot and immediately fell fast asleep. Vanin sat down at the table and drawing before him the unfinished page of his political report, began to write.

He had been at his task a bare

five minutes when Anya walked into the dugout.

"Where is Captain Saburov?" she asked.

"He has gone out to the companies."

"Permit me to report myself to you," Anya said.

"If you please."

"Hospital Assistant Klimentko, appointed to your battalion as military hospital assistant, has arrived at her appointed post," Anya said, saluting. Then, letting her arm fall, she asked: "Will Alexei really be back soon?"

"Very soon."

"I'd like to see him as soon as I can."

"I know how you feel," said Vanin. They sat down and were silent for a moment.

Vanin thought of his own family which he had lost, and he felt a conviction that his own happiness would never come back, and a kind of good-hearted jealousy came over him.

"It's wonderful that you're here," he said. "I'm specially glad you will be with Alexei Ivanovich, when all round so much is going on that's terrifying. Or not terrifying—but in general tough for any man. It's good, when you're together. How did you come, straight here with all your things?"

Anya smiled. "Here are my things." She pointed to her big first-aid kit, crammed to the top. "And what else?"

"Nothing else; this is all I have," Anya said. She took off her coat and sat down at the table.

Maslennikov stirred under his overcoat on the cot, then stood up, and walked over to greet Anya.

"How would you like something to eat?"

Anya shook her head.

"Would you like to go to sleep?"

"I don't want anything," she said.

"I'm glad to see you."

"To-morrow, probably, will be quiet here," Maslennikov said, partly to reassure her, partly to continue the conversation.

The three talked together a little stiltedly for a while, then Vanin went out on his nightly inspection of the guards.

"You should lie down," Maslennikov said. "We'll fix you up a cot to-morrow, there in the corner, but meanwhile lie down on mine."

Anya looked at him, and although she felt no desire to lie down she realised that if she did not do so at once Maslennikov would repeat his offer inside three minutes.

She pulled off her boots, lay down on the cot, covering herself with her coat right up to her neck.

"All right, I've obeyed you now, but I'm not sleepy," Anya said.

"Tell me how you live here."

"Splendidly," Maslennikov said in an official tone of voice, as if this were not Anya in front of him but a delegation.

THEN he remembered that this was really Anya, who knew as well as he did what was going on here, and he added: "Splendidly. To-day we drove off all the attacks against us. The captain looks very well. We had grown anxious about him here."

"I had too," Anya said.

Maslennikov said nothing for a little. Here, under his protection, was the wife of his superior officer and his friend, and he felt toward her the touching and sentimental awe of a small boy. He wanted to surround her with attention, to make her understand that he was her husband's most loyal friend, that she could rely on him completely, and that there was nothing he would not do for her sake.

"Misha."

"Yes."

"You are called Misha, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"You are a very nice fellow."

Hearing these words, "You are a very nice fellow," Maslennikov felt that although he and Anya were probably the same age, she was still in some way much older than he.

"Misha," she repeated, closing her eyes, as if trying to remember his name.

When Maslennikov next asked her something, she did not answer. She had fallen fast asleep the very second she had closed her eyes.

He sat alone at the table in a heavy silence broken only occasionally by the sound of distant firing. On the cot, two paces away from him, a woman was sleeping, the wife of his comrade, and she seemed very beautiful to him. He would have been in love with her had she not been the wife of his comrade, or so at least he thought.

Perhaps he was already in love with her, but he would never have admitted this to himself.

He began to wonder what his own wife would be like, but when he thought about her in the abstract he endowed her with the most extraordinary qualities, and when he tried to imagine her face, somehow he always saw the face of Anya.

Eventually he dozed off, sitting on the stool by the table, and woke only when Vanin walked back in from his tour of the guards.

"Maslennikov, you're not sleeping?"

"I dozed off a little."

"Where is Saburov?"

"Still gone."

"It's six," said Vanin. "He must still be over at Konnyukov's building."

Saburov had, in fact, spent the night at Konnyukov's building, inspecting his dispositions thoroughly, and discussing them with the old soldier.

He descended to the cellar, climbed the fire escape to the observation post on the roof, lay beside Konnyukov on a parapet of bricks and cement bags while the Germans made an unsuccessful attack.

When the attack was over, he descended again to the cellar and

gave Konnyukov several instructions for the future. It was already beginning to grow light. Determined to get back to the battalion if he could, Saburov started out with Petya.

Hardly had they passed the end of the little wall and begun to crawl across the open space, when heavy machine-gun fire began to rattle over them and in front of them, pinning them to the ground. There was nothing to do but go back behind the wall.

"I guess you'll have to spend the day with me, Comrade Captain," Konnyukov said when he came out to meet them. "Once they've noticed you, now they'll pour it on there until night-time. You'd better stay with me. That's the way your luck works out to-day."

Saburov made no strong objection. Considering the matter soberly, he realised that Konnyukov was right, and he decided to remain here until night. During the day he inspected Konnyukov's situation in more detail and gave instructions for one of the machine-guns to be moved to a better place. Everything else was already in perfect order.

At exactly four o'clock—Saburov remembered the time precisely because he happened to look at his watch—he had a feeling of pressure which he tried his best to shake off. It was anxiety mixed with some ill-defined anticipation of disaster.

There had been a minute of ominous silence, then five or six grenade explosions in the direction of his battalion headquarters, and for the first time during all his stay at Stalingrad Saburov at this moment thought his nerves were probably not in good shape.

HALF an hour later everything had become quiet again, except for a few phlegm coughs over the building and exploding shells a slapping noise behind it. Saburov looked through the curtains at the doorway and saw that the dark blue of evening was beginning.

"It's time," he said.

"Permit me to report, Comrade Captain," Konnyukov said. "Have patience. Wait ten minutes more. When it gets really dark, then go."

"Well, all right," Saburov said. "Wait ten minutes."

Had he but known it, at the very time when he had heard the grenades explode, and when his heart had been gripped by the quaking feeling which he could not throw off, there had taken place the greatest misfortune he could possibly have feared.

The Germans, tired of their unsuccessful attacks against both companies, had determined to seize the hill by the horns. Unexpectedly they had filtered through the right, and had thrown themselves directly at the battalion command post.

This was the minute of suspicious silence which Saburov had noticed.

The only men at the command post at the time were Maslennikov, who had come in to telephone to regiment headquarters, two machine-gunners located behind their weapon at the entrance to the dugout, and three or four communications men sitting in their own dugout. At the moment Anya was bandaging the injured arm of one of them.

When the Germans appeared the machine-gunners paused for a second. Their cartridge belt had run out and several Germans managed to cross the space in which the machine-gun, a few seconds later, mowed down the others.

Please turn to page 31



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PL138

Days and Nights

Continued from page 30

GERMANS who across threw themselves on to the ground right next to the dugout and buried several grenades into the trench and the communications trench beyond it.

At first Anya understood nothing. She only heard the explosions and saw how the lanky soldier standing in front of her, whose arm she was bandaging, suddenly turned from her. Pulling the bandage from her head, and trailing it after him, he fell full length on his back, killed instantly by a splinter from a grenade.

Anya bent down, and the second communications soldier shoved her head so that she fell to the bottom of the trench. When she opened her eyes, she saw that the soldier had grabbed his Tommy-gun and was crouching himself above the trench, firing as fast as he could.

Then she saw Maslennikov jump out of the dugout to her left, and move forward, hurling small grenades after the other in front of him. A machine-gun clattered, someone yelled out in an unknown language, and something arched over her head and fell into the trench.

Anya noticed, between her and the soldier who was still firing, a German grenade—she had seen them many times before—Russian in type except for its long wooden handle. She suddenly thought how like a top it was.

The soldier dropped his rifle and fell to the bottom of the trench. Without thinking at all about herself, Anya was really frightened. Now the grenade would kill the soldier, and she remembered hearing that in cases like this you had to pick up the grenade and throw it back.

She quickly seized it by its handle, which was still turning, felt how long and thin the handle was, and in the very last second thought she could probably throw the grenade a long way because its handle was so long.

At this moment the grenade exploded in her hand and Anya, no longer thinking about anything, fell unconscious to the bottom of the trench.

In the fever of fighting, Maslennikov had not noticed at once all that was going on. He had been throwing grenades furiously at the Germans. They had been all ready for him, piled in the lee of the trench right at the entrance to the dugout.

He must have thrown at least fifteen before some riflemen from Company Two, hearing the sound of fighting but not guessing that things were going badly at the command post itself, came up to a good position from the flank, and with relative ease and speed cut down some of the Germans who had broken through, and forced the others to retreat.

When Maslennikov jumped back into the trench, he saw Anya lying between the two dead soldiers. The second soldier who had thrown himself flat when the grenade fell was also dead. Anya was lying motionless, her cheek pressed awkwardly against the side of the trench. Clutched in her hand was a piece of the wooden handle which had not been dropped even after the grenade had gone off.

Maslennikov bent over her, then knelt on his knees and wiped the blood from her face with a handkerchief from his pocket. The blood was coming from a small cut in her forehead, next to her hair. Maslennikov repeated her name several times but she made no answer, although she was still breathing weakly. Her tunic was ripped in several places and torn completely away at the shoulder.

By chance almost the entire grenade had exploded in the same direction, toward the soldier who had thrown himself down, and he was literally riddled with splinters. Only a few splinters had hit Anya—the little one in her forehead and two in her breast and shoulder.

A light snow was falling into the trench on Anya's face, on her overcoat, on the bare head of Maslennikov, who had snatched off his cap when he first leaned over her. He was still kneeling, and repeatedly,

almost soundlessly, saying her name over and over again, indescribable sadness in his heart.

Then, lifting her gently in his arms, he carried her to the dugout.

He placed her on his own cot, the same one where she had slept the night before when she had been so tired. For the first time he noticed that her enormous first-aid kit was still hanging across her shoulder.

He lifted her head, took off the bag, and laid it under the bed. Then he walked backwards, still looking at Anya, and picked up the telephone. He called the chief of staff of the regiment, told him he had both killed and wounded, that the hospital assistant herself was severely wounded, and that he needed a doctor or another hospital assistant, if this was in any way possible. This was promised him.

MASLENNIKOV returned to the dugout and sat on the cot beside Anya. Her face was very white and still. If it had not been for the wound on her forehead and the dark spots on her tunic, he could have thought that she was sleeping.

This calm and the smallness of the wounds frightened Maslennikov, who had often seen ugly, heavily-bloodied wounds which men survived. He knew that an inconspicuous wound more often killed a man.

He sat there, and as if this could be of help he wiped the little drops of blood running down her forehead. He thought about how Saburov would come back, and what he would say to him.

The thought came to him: "Maybe all this will pass over, everything will be all right." He listened again to Anya's breathing. It was faint; she hardly breathed at all. Then he realised that she would probably die—maybe very quickly, even before the doctor's arrival.

THE blood still ran across Anya's forehead and he kept on drying it until he noticed that his handkerchief was soaked through. He threw it away, reached into his bag under the cot, and, fumbling in it, found a clean handkerchief. Getting up from his knees, he saw the doctor walk into the dugout.

"Where are your wounded?" asked the doctor.

"There," Maslennikov pointed.

"Ah, Klimenko," and the doctor pushed back his sleeve over his watch and took Anya's hand, feeling her pulse, with motions which surprised Maslennikov by their professional calm. Then he unfastened Anya's belt and cut the tunic away from the shoulder so he could examine her wounds.

The wound on her breast made him frown. He quickly bandaged her, and, looking at Maslennikov's frowning eyes, said: "She needs to be taken away immediately."

"What?" said Maslennikov. "How is she?"

"We'll be able to know definitely only on the operating table," the doctor said. He considered the conversation finished and shouted through the door: "Stretcher-bearers!"

Some stretcher-bearers came in. "Haven't you any other wounded?" he asked Maslennikov.

"No."

"How about yourself?"

"What do you mean, me?"

"You're wounded, too."

"Where?"

"There, on your head."

Maslennikov rubbed his head, and when he took his hand away his palm was red and sticky.

"Well, that's nothing," he said, not because he was brave but because he could feel no pain at all.

"Come on, come on," said the doctor. He walked over to him, took out of his pocket a little bottle of alcohol, wet some cotton, and wiped Maslennikov's forehead and temple.

"Yes, you're right, it's nothing," said the doctor. "Have you a hygiene instructor in the battalion?"



"Are you SURE this is ex-tail soup, Mrs. Dibbs?"

"There should be one somewhere." "Let him bandage you, or it will get dirty."

During this time the orderlies had placed Anya on a stretcher, and, waiting for the doctor, laid it on the floor. Somehow this seemed rude and insulting to Maslennikov, although he had seen wounded placed on the floor or sometimes on the ground dozens of times before. He did not like to see her lying at their feet on the ground, and so he said to the doctor, who was dawdling a little: "That's all, then."

"Yes, everything," said the doctor. "Let's go."

When the stretcher-bearers picked up the stretcher, one of Anya's arms dangled helplessly from it. One of them fixed it, lifting it back on to the stretcher.

Maslennikov walked out behind the doctor. The stretcher-bearers had already turned a corner of the trench, and he could see only the back of one of them. For several minutes he continued to stand there in a kind of stupefaction, watching them walk away. Then, suddenly quite close, he heard rifle-fire.

Please turn to page 33

Here's
Lauren Bacall...
SHE SAYS

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IS SO IMPORTANT.
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EVERY DAY. IT'S A
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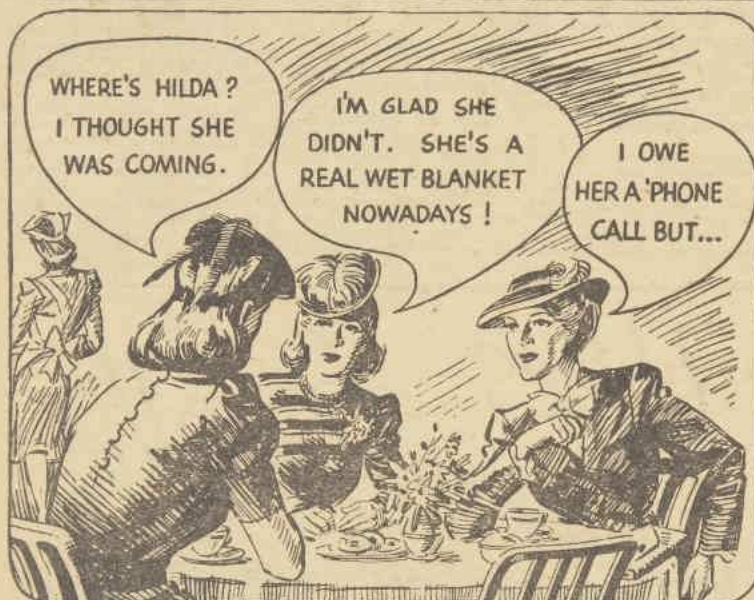
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Actual statement by this glamorous Warner Brothers' star, now appearing in "To Have and Have Not."

The bath and complexion care of 9 out of every 10 film stars.

NOBODY WANTED ME

*I saw it happening day after day.
Old friends forgetting to ring me
... even avoiding me*



BUT
LIKE ALL
THE OTHERS
SHE DIDN'T



AT THE DOCTOR'S...

DOCTOR: IT'S A VICIOUS CIRCLE. YOU'VE BEEN WAKING TIRED, GETTING MORE AND MORE TIRED EVERY DAY, AND FINALLY BECOME RUN DOWN AND NERVY. THE TROUBLE GOES BACK TO YOUR SLEEP. WHILE YOU SLEEP YOUR BODY GOES ON BURNING UP ENERGY, AND WHEN THIS ISN'T REPLACED YOU WAKE TIRED... THEN THE TROUBLE STARTS. DRINK A CUP OF **HORLICKS** BEFORE BED AND REPLACE THAT ENERGY.



Tired and Nervy?

If you wake tired and become more tired as the day drags on. If you find it hard to concentrate... get irritable and lose your temper over trivial things... then remember those symptoms can very often be traced back to the fact that you are not replacing the energy you use up. Try a cup of hot Horlicks just before bed. After Horlicks you wake full of life, and clear-eyed. "Nerves" become a thing of the past. Get some Horlicks from your grocer or chemist to-day.

HORLICKS

Contains all essential
food elements in
their natural form

What's on your mind?

Education via the air waves

I SHOULD like to see a radio station in each State operating exclusively for the education of children.

During school hours selected subjects for each grade could be broadcast on a far wider scale than the present restricted A.B.C. broadcasts.

In the evening, instead of detested written homework, children could have lessons presented in the form of plays, talks, and lectures by eminent personalities on a variety of educational subjects.

Educationalists deplore the "blood-and-thunder" type of radio serial which has such a wide appeal for the juvenile mind. Replace this evening serial with selected school subjects, present them with the same care and attention which attend adult broadcasts, and we should evolve an ideal form of radio entertainment—education for children.

21 to Warwick Haye, 83 High St., St. Kilda, Vic.

Watch your step

TO eliminate the footboard-riding menace Sydney's new trams could well be equipped with a device now operating in trams in Winnipeg, Canada.

A brake, wired to the tram's motor, is under each bottom step. When passengers board or leave the tram the step is depressed and the brake opens an electric circuit, which prevents the tram from starting.

A folding door covering the entrance from outside completely prevents footboard riding and sealing between steps.

5/- to L. S. Stone, Elgin St., Gordon, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 15. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Cater for the O.S.

WHEN will clothing manufacturers accept the fact that there are big as well as small women in this world and make provision for a few O.S. sizes in their production quota?

Shopping in stores for O.S. fittings is a headache from start to finish. From underwear to frocks



and coats it is always the same story. "Sorry, Madam, we are out of your size."

The few O.S. articles of apparel which occasionally make their appearance on store racks are usually so shapeless and dowdy that even the most desperate O.S.-er would shy off them.

5/- to Mrs. D. Townsend, Rappville, N.S.W.

Backyard trees

WHAT a splendid idea it would be if more people planted a fruit tree or trees in the backyard or garden of their home, however small the space available.

A lemon tree, for instance, is always fresh and green to look at, and when grown with a little care and cultivation gives an almost continuous supply of lemons. If space permits more than one tree, why not an orange or plum tree?

The home planters may not reap the reward of their labors, but someone will be thankful for their forethought in years to come.

5/- to Miss B. White, c/o Flat 3, 62 Cook Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.

Ancho: pompons

SLIPPERS these days are certainly attractive enough in color and style, but I fail to see why bows, pompons, etc. can't be fastened with something a little more secure than the usual splash of glue.

It is only a matter of a few hours' work before the slipper is stripped of these adornments. The buyer is expected to pay more for these high-lights, so they should at least be firmly anchored.

5/- to Miss J. Miller, Railway Station, Benalong, Qld.

City halls

CANT understand why we have never graduated from our old-fashioned habit of calling our capital city centres of civic affairs "Town Halls."

It would be much more modern to adopt the American title of "City Hall," which is more logically in keeping with a city.

Brisbane for years has had its City Hall. Why can't other capital cities follow its lead and rename their Town Halls?

5/- to Miss S. Dyer, c/o McKay's Bookshop, 15 Park St., Sydney.

Days and Nights

Continued from page 31

heart grew cold. He realized that this had some direct relation with the feeling he had had earlier in the day, and that now he would learn all about it.

"She was here," Maslennikov said. "She came yesterday, just after you left. . . . She was wounded to-day and taken away." For some reason he repeated the doctor's cold phrase.

"When?"

"At four o'clock."

Saburov was silent, continuing to look at the bag. He did not ask where Anya had been wounded, or whether it was severe or slight. When Maslennikov had said "at four o'clock," he knew that a disaster had happened. He did not want to ask any more.

"She's badly wounded, but the splinters are small," Maslennikov said. It seemed to him that Saburov ought to find it important that she had not been disfigured, but wounded only by small splinters. "In the breast, the shoulder, and here, too. But that one is like mine, only a scratch."

Saburov remained silent and kept on looking at the bag.

"Vain has gone over to see the colonel. He will probably find out something," Maslennikov continued.

"Good," Saburov said indifferently. "Good. Have you checked the guards?"

"No, I'll go now."

"Well, just as you like," said Saburov.

Maslennikov went out and Saburov continued to sit in silence. He realised clearly that, regardless of what Vain might say when he came back, an enormous misfortune had

occurred in his life. After sitting for several minutes, he went over to Maslennikov's bed and sat on it. He noticed a bloodstain on the blanket and thought they had probably put Anya down here. Then he turned to the bag, lifted it, and placed it on the bed.

He did all this without hurrying. He felt that now this great disaster had taken place there was no reason to hurry, he would have time for everything. He slowly opened the bag and looked for several minutes at what was in it. Then, just as slowly, he began to take everything out, one thing after another.

The bag was crammed to the top. In one section were a neatly folded garrison cap, a toothbrush and soap, two towels, one handkerchief, a broken mirror. In another section were surgical supplies. These he did not touch. Then he took out two new, green shoulder-straps with enamel cubes sewed on them to show Anya's rank, and a little round wooden box which he opened. It held needles and thread. He closed it again.

Next to this box lay another, also round, made of metal. In it there was lipstick. He wondered why it was there, for Anya had never used lipstick. The last things he took from the bag were two soldiers' shirts, big ones, not her size. One of them had its sleeves sewn back just as her overcoat had been that time when he had met her in the trench, and kissed her wrists where they had been rubbed sore.

It occurred to him that this had been the last time he had seen her, and that now he would never see her again. He fell face down on all the things he had strewn across the cot and cried, no longer aware of anything round him.

To be concluded

Fashion Frock Service

"EULALIA"

Smart all-wool travelling coat.

This delightful three-quarter-length coat is obtainable in a soft all-wool costing in shades of natural and grey.

It is trimly tailored, with welted seams and a neckline that buttons high. It is lined to the waist with good quality satin to match. Can be worn two ways—in boxy style or smartly belted as shown.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 69/11 (14 coupons); 36 to 40in. bust, 74/11 (14 coupons). Postage 2/7½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 49/11 (14 coupons); 36 to 40in. bust, 54/11 (14 coupons). Postage 2/7½ extra.



'RENDEZVOUS'. Charming Model Hat, all ready to wear. Price 39/11, plus 2/- postage.

Created by a gifted French milliner, this decorative hat makes a lovely complement for suits and dresses alike. Choose from these four colors and send for 'Rendezvous' to-day:
Olive-green or dunes-brown with black band.
Palest pink hand-made satin roses, green leaves.
Sashed with velvet.
Pastel-pink felt, with palest blue roses, green leaves, pastel veiling.
Black felt with palest pink or blue roses, green leaves, and pastel veiling.
'Rendezvous' comes in a special box for 39/11, plus 2/- postage. Address in each State is given below.

Needlework notions

No. 723.—Neat bow blouse in Bedford cord.

The pattern for this trim little blouse is clearly traced on an excellent washable British Bedford cord in shades of shell-pink, blue-olive, rose-beige, and soft green, and is ready for you to cut out and stitch together.

Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 10/11 (6 coupons); 36 to 40in. bust, 12/11 (6 coupons). Postage 3/6d. extra.

No. 724.—Petticoat and bloomers for 2-to-8-year-olds.

Pattern for this easy winter undies set is traced clearly in fluorescent shades of pink or blue dyes on a white background, and is ready for you to cut out and make up.
Net: Sizes 2 to 4 years, 6/11 (6 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 8/11 (6 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 10/11 (6 coupons). Postage 3/6d. extra.
Bloomers Only: Sizes 2 to 4 years, 2/6 (2 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 3/11 (2 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 4/6 (2 coupons). Postage 2/6d. extra.

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns (see page 31), Model Hat, Fashion Frock, or Needlework Notions (note prices) to "Fashion Department" to the address given in your State as under. Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.
Box 288A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth.
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(N.E. readers use money orders only.)



★ LANTIGEN "C" FOR RHEUMATIC PAINS LANTIGEN "C" ★



Safe, Convenient, Simple, Effective Modern Dissolved Oral Vaccine Treatment

Eminent Physician writes:

Writing in the "British Medical Journal," Dr. Croftin Lowe says: "In my experience the oral antigens have been mostly employed for cases of catarrhal infection, rheumatic conditions, and catarrhal enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

LANTIGEN TREATS AND IMMUNISES WITHOUT PAINFUL AND EXPENSIVE VACCINATION BY INJECTION

If you suffer from any of these painful and crippling complaints, you should ask your chemist for Lantigen "C," which is prepared to treat these disorders and to immunise against their return—sometimes for years.

Lantigen "C" counteracts the germs which cause much rheumatic pain because it is a modern dissolved oral vaccine, prepared specially for this purpose by skilled bacteriologists working under the supervision of an eminent physician.



Needle No Longer Necessary!

You know, of course, that the injection of vaccines has proved highly successful in the treatment of many chronic germ-caused disorders, but do you realise that, in the case of such

complaints as catarrh, rheumatism, and many septic conditions, it is no longer necessary to have the immunising vaccine injected by needle? Immunisation can be brought about by the use of oral vaccines taken by mouth.

Why a Dissolved Oral Vaccine Works Quickly!

A vaccine is a preparation of bacteria killed by heat or some chemical means. When it is absorbed into the system its antigens (as they are called) are released by certain dissolving substances in the body known as hydrotropins, and as a result the formation of antibodies is stimulated. This counteracts the germ attack and neutralises the germ poisons.

In the case of many chronic diseases, particularly the rheumatic complaints, these dissolving substances may not be present in sufficient quantities to bring about the dissolution of the whole organisms, with the result that the antigens are not released and the antibodies are not formed. The ordinary vaccine may, therefore, be rendered quite ineffective.

In Lantigen, however, the organisms are already dissolved and their effectiveness does not depend on the action of the body's own dissolving agents. That is why Lantigen acts immediately it is taken, and that is why you should be sure that the vaccine you take is Lantigen "C," the dissolved oral vaccine.

Guaranteed not to harm the heart. Does not interfere with other treatments.

READ THESE PERSONAL, WRITTEN TESTIMONIES

RAILWAYMAN BETTER AFTER SCIATICA.

Sawell.
"Approximately twelve months ago I wrote to you about Lantigen treatment for Sciatica at that time I was off duty from the Railway Dept., suffering from these pains, and could not possibly carry out my duties. You sent me a chart on diet, and I started the treatment. Might I add that before this I had been under treatment which cost me in the vicinity of £30 for medicine, which did me no good at all. I started your treatment, and before finishing the first bottle I was back at work and have not suffered with this complaint since."

W. Gough.

RELIEF FROM CRIPPLING JOINT PAINS.

Harland, N.B.
"The pain was severe, as nearly every joint in my body was affected by the terrible disease. I have tried dozens of remedies but none of them eased me any and I had just about given up when I decided to try Lantigen 'C'. Within a few weeks the pain stopped and I am now getting up every day."

GRINDING PAIN OF RHEUMATISM.

"I have suffered a great deal from rheumatism. I got a bad attack in the night, my knee and ankle bones seemed as if they were being ground to powder and I got no relief. Before I had finished the first bottle of Lantigen I felt better."

H.K.

BEDRIDDEN FROM FIBROSITIS.

East Coburg, N.T.
"I was suffering severely from Fibrositis, in bed for 3 months, quite helpless, and in terrible pain all over my body. I have always been a very healthy person, but I thought I was going to be an invalid for the rest of my life. A friend advised me to try Lantigen 'C'; I did, and after the 3rd bottle I began to feel much better, and when the 4th bottle was finished I was able to do anything. I am so very thankful and I cannot praise Lantigen 'C' too highly. At present I am 100 per cent."

(Mrs.) Alice Douglas.

Obtainable from Chemists Only—Ask your Chemist for leaflet giving full details as to treatment.

£1/1/- per bottle—the recommended treatment costs only 3½d. per day.

LANTIGEN 'C'

TREATS FIRST—THEN IMMUNISES



Neuritis, Spondylitis, Sciatica, Lumbago, and other Germ- caused Rheumatic Disorders

★ NOT A PATENT MEDICINE
—CONTAINS NO DRUGS!

THESE PICTURES SHOW HOW LANTIGEN OPERATES

This simple explanation of the way in which Lantigen works will show you clearly how effective a treatment it is. Lantigen is a scientific treatment for many germ-borne disorders.



1. These are the villi—small sucker-like protuberances in the upper intestine—which have altogether an absorptive surface equal to a room 12 x 12 x 12 feet and which absorb Lantigen from the gastric fluids and carry it into the system.



2. This diagram shows one of the many dangerous germs that cause disease.



3. These are illustrations of a white corpuscle stimulated by Lantigen engulfing and destroying infective germs for the purpose of their elimination from the system.



A NATURAL WAY TO GOOD HEALTH

When the chemical composition of the body becomes unbalanced, as, for example, by the introduction of toxins resulting from germ infection, the effects of disease show themselves in defects in general health.

An early effect is noticed upon the nerves, which in rheumatic conditions promptly register the pain and inflammation caused by the germ invasion. Other signs of ill-health also show themselves in many cases. The patient often complains of nervous irritability, digestive upsets, such as flatulence and constipation.

But when the toxic conditions caused by the infection are reduced by taking Lantigen "C", the other symptoms also abate, as a natural result of the improved general condition.

Your chemist will know of such cases in his experience. In any case, he will certainly be aware of many instances where Lantigen "C" has provided real relief from long-standing rheumatic conditions.

Prepared by fully qualified bacteriologists under the supervision of an eminent physician.

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories,
163 York Street, Sydney.

★ LANTIGEN "C" FOR RHEUMATIC PAINS LANTIGEN "C" ★

ELISHA

suddenly. She got an idea. "I'm not a burglar, I'm Mr. Crane's secretary. I often come down to see everything in order and do the shopping if he's coming down for the week-end."

"Funny you didn't have a key," remarked Mike mockingly. Elisha flushed. If this went on much longer she would begin to imagine herself a burglar. She ventured a short laugh. "You had Mr. Crane's key, if you remember, but this window is always open. I knew that." She looked at him coldly. "I had no idea you would be here yet. . . it's very awkward." She congratulated herself that this should make him feel guilty.

"I've been here before, a year ago when I was on leave. I like 'Cromal'."

He seemed to think that explained perfectly his early arrival. He threw his cigarette butt dexterously into the large old-fashioned grate. "It sort of looks," he grinned, "as if you and I have to take each other on trust."

Then something happened to Elisha. Suddenly, helplessly, she began to cry. She who had always despised "weepy" women. The tears came slowly into her eyes and she pucker up her face miserably, as she looked at the old leather couch and the shabby carpet. He looked at her, and there was a faint smile on his face. "It's all right," he said. "I'm really not a tramp or anything. You can see my identity card if you like."

She sniffed miserably, rubbed her eyes, and favored him with the expectant, vague gaze that small children bestow on their elders.

He realised she had to make the next move. "Tell me what," he said gently, "go and get into some of Elisha's things if you can find any, you're wet. I'll make you a 'Buck Jumper'."

She sniffed. "A . . . buck-jumper?"

He patted her shoulder. "That's a good girl, just you leave it to Mike."

She stood up. The rain was beating on the roof. He followed her out into the hall and stood a moment watching as she opened the door of Elisha's bedroom from force of habit.

"Well, at least you know your way about," she realised he had let her go first to test her, and grinned suddenly to herself. "Of course," she ventured smiling. "I'm really a lady burglar, but I get intuition. I always get it when I'm hungry!" and fled.

She heard him whistling "I got spurs . . ." as he went through the house. It had an oddly comforting sound.

She went over to the frilly dressing-table and looked in the gilt mirror above it on the wall. "Elisha Crane," she said slowly. "I never realised you were a suspicious character before!" She looked round the once familiar chintz-decked room with suddenly damp eyes. When she had been away, she realised, it had never been the comfortable little flat in town she had longed for, always there had been visions of "Cromal."

There was a photo on a table, it was a girl in a flying helmet. It said: "This is me, Pete, love—Elisha." Through the door there still came the mangled strain of "I got spurs . . ." She thrust the photo in a drawer hastily.

Opening the wardrobe she found an old faded kimono. When she looked out, Mike was coming in the back door. "Lovely night," he remarked and deposited the wet suitcase at her feet. "In case your intuition doesn't apply to plumbing, the bathroom's first on the left, Lady Burglar."

When she emerged from the bathroom, she stuck her feet into sloppy blue mules, wriggled into her inextinguishable blue slacks and a business-like yellow pullover. There was a knock on her door. "Ready, Willy?"

It was suddenly rather nice, rather like the old days when she and Pete had been kids on holiday. Mike yelled from the kitchen: "Like steak?" He looked up as she came in, stared for a minute, then whistled softly.

He picked up a cocktail shaker, shook it for a minute and poured a pale gold liquid into two glasses. "Here you are, Willy, drink this."

"I think," said Elisha, "I shall

Leave It To Mike!

Continued from page 7

engage you to entertain at my next house-breaking."

"Leave it to Mike," he grinned. "Let me see," he said. "How shall it be?" Then he executed a deep bow to Willy. "To the first lady burglar I ever entertained."

It warmed her, she sat down. He took off the cloth he had tied round his waist and flopped a sizzling egg on to her plate with a large benevolent-looking steak. He did the same to his own plate.

"Willy," he said, sitting opposite her, "in the presence of any real work of art man is struck dumb. Right?"

She looked at him a little puzzled, then blushed faintly.

"Therefore," he grinned at her discomfort, "say no more until I have finished at least half of my steak, lady."

She laughed outright at that. The meal progressed in easy silence. At last, "Tell me," she said softly, "about Elisha Crane. I . . . never met her."

"Sure." He lit a cigarette for her and one for himself. "Well, according to all accounts, she's highly box-office. Flies like an angel, looks—according to her brother—like a film star. Pete also informs me she's a pretty good egg, but brothers are usually prejudiced about an only sister; she's probably a nasty, spoilt brat."

HE blew a smoke ring and looked at her through it. "Oh!" she commented politely. "But what made you so anxious to meet her?"

"Not me," he grunted. "My paper. I'm a reporter, remember? It's the first lucky break I've had since they kicked me out of a plane because I got a dim-out in one eye."

She had already realised the fixity of one blue eye. "Yes, I noticed, pretty good job, though," she said. She made no attempt to pity him. Years of war had made her wise in the ways of wounded men.

"Sure thing, only it grounded me and I had to go back to my first love—newspapers. Well, Elisha Crane's always been flying mad, Pete says." He sighed. "She must be lucky."

"Yes," said Elisha. "But I suppose she has to pay in some way. One usually does . . ."

He hitched up one eyebrow and grimaced at her. "Nice fruity dialogue from a lady burglar, Willy," he said.

She flushed. Sensing her sudden awkwardness, he said lightly, "Know anything about planes?"

"A little," said Elisha warily.

They washed up. When they finished, she said casually, "Mind if I say good-night, I . . . I'm rather tired."

He opened the door for her, "Willy, what I like about you is you're so adaptable. Anyone would think this was your picnic, not mine."

She smiled up at him, while she thought idly: "He might murder me in my bed. I've no real proof he's a reporter. And even if he is, are reporters nice people?"

The telephone rang. Elisha winced. Mike answered it. She heard him say, "But, Pete, you've got to be here Monday . . . dash it all, I don't even know what she looks like. Oh, sure I saw that photo you had, but I can't remember it . . . where? In her bedroom . . . I'll have a look . . ." He snorted sarcastically. "Yes, I've got the Rolls with me, of course . . . O.K., the roof leaks, but I suppose I can borrow an umbrella for her if it's still raining Monday." He wiggled one foot and looked over his shoulder. "Couldn't you postpone that conference? Oh, all right, only if I had a sister and I hadn't seen her for three years. Hold on a sec. I want you to meet my lady burglar."

He beckoned to Elisha, but she put her finger on her lips and shook her head silently. "Well, I seem to have mislaid her, only joking . . . Pete, ta, ta!" He put the phone on and turned again on Elisha. "Now, young lady, why?" Elisha shook her finger at him. "Mr. Crane has a more stringent sense of the conventional than you, Mike. He might not like his secretary spending the week-end here with a reporter." She fled, he heard

her door bang lustily. He yelled cheerfully through the door: "In case you are tempted to make a getaway with the silver in the night, I'm going to lock you in. On the other hand, it is on the cards I shall lose the key, so here it comes." She heard it slipped under the door.

In the darkness Elisha Crane turned her face into the pillow and thought it was a rather nice feeling to be home. She listened as the rain pattered against the window, and wondered whether she had remembered to catch the lounge window, because otherwise the rain always blew in. As she went drowsily off to sleep she muttered, "Oh, well, I'll leave it to Mike."

Next morning, in the fleckle way of spring weather, it was sunny. After breakfast Mike said solemnly, "Willy, this morning we go shopping, eh?"

She nodded, running her finger down a side of the verandah where the paint always blistered, she pushed some of the little bubbles in with her finger. She was wondering what would happen if they met anybody who knew her and how she would explain things to Mike. It had suddenly become very important that Mike should not be hurt.

"Y'know," Mike broke into her thoughts twenty minutes later, as they ambled down the bush path at the side of the hill. He turned to look back at the grey stone and the lazy ironwork verandah of Cromal. "Y'know, this place is pure sabotage."

"How come?" she said.

"Well, it's begun to creep into my

bones or something. It was beautiful last year when Pete had the house-party. But now when it's all by itself . . ." He paused and gestured with his cigarette. "I find myself replanning the garden, pointsettias along that wall, and the ironwork would look pretty good painted cream . . ."

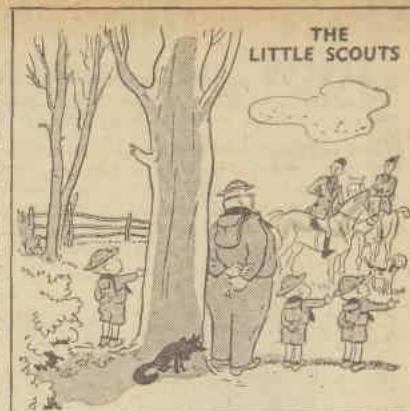
"Yes," Her eyes were suddenly dreamy. "It used to . . ."

He turned and looked at her for a moment again with that puzzled look. "Pal of mine offered me a sub-editorship and a share in the Glenmore Evening News a while ago. But I had a yen to be a city reporter," he grinned ruefully. "But I don't seem to be getting very far. This place makes me wonder . . ." He trailed off.

Elisha knew Glenmore, the only large town in the district. The News was a pretty prosperous concern. She thought irrelevantly how nice it would be to keep bees again, as they had done in her father's day. She pinched herself sharply. She said nothing.

Luckily, most of the shopkeepers didn't remember her at all. It was, therefore, a nasty shot on the part of Providence that when Mike was suitably submerged under numerous parcels she should see Steven approaching at the end of the street.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



She blurted out: "Just miss" dash in here a sec," and dived for an open door. She heard Steven's bored voice drone: "We-ell, aren't you Michael Summers?"

"I hope so," said Mike, his face appearing momentarily through a jungle of celery.

"I thought so," emitted Steven. "Met you at Pete Crane's last year, didn't I? Down here covering Elisha's return, I suppose."

"Oomp," said Mike agreeably; he realised most of Steven's questions were purely rhetorical.

"Elisha'll find it pretty wearing to have to bury herself out in the bush for a week—can't understand Pete's idea. Loathe the country myself," he went on conversationally, then began to regard the celery barrage coldly.

Please turn to page 36

WHY IS YOUR APRON SO MUCH WHITER THAN MY SHIRT?

IT'S PERSIL WHITE!

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

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USE PERSIL ALONE FOR EVERY WASHABLE FABRIC AND MORE

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Just compare Persil whiteness with the whiteness you get from the best of ordinary washers! The difference will amaze you. The reason is that Persil's suds are charged with oxygen—so they're extra active, extra cleansing. Gently they wash away every trace of dirt—not some of it . . . not most of it . . . but ALL OF IT. Persil washes whiter because it washes cleaner. When you see Persil whiteness you'll wonder why you were ever satisfied with anything else.

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

P.321/19

Hair color change demands new personality

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

RENE DUNNE is unable to get used to her new flaming red hair, which she had dyed for Warners' production of "Life With Father." Irene said, "It is silly, I know, but I feel I must develop an entirely new personality, suitable to a redhead. Also I must buy a complete new wardrobe, as all my clothes look terrible with my new hair shade."



CLARK GABLE, nicknamed "The Krag" on the Metro lot, takes over his motor cycle from a mechanic before leaving to ride out to his ranch home.

Irene is not used to changing her hair color like many other actresses, who may be blonde or brunette between pictures.

The dignified lady of the screen got her first appreciative whistle, from the electricians, when she walked on the sound stage with her new hair color.

Irene admits it was the first time anyone had ever whistled at her.

THE most luxurious trailer in Hollywood is Greer Garson's. She uses it while she is on location at Carmel shooting scenes for the film "Woman of My Own."

The trailer has a living-room, bedroom, bathroom with a shower, and a kitchen with refrigerator. A front garden of petunias was planted by anxious propmen who were intent on giving Greer a homely atmosphere.

The trailer was anchored on a bluff which overlooks the sea at the spot where Greer received a severe ducking recently.

LIONEL BARRYMORE has confided to friends that he has written a piano concerto for the Hollywood Bowl programme this summer. Last summer his symphony was featured.

CONSTANCE MOORE got a lovely woolly black lamb for a seventh wedding anniversary gift. Constance said: "I was making a personal appearance at the premiere of my new film 'Old Sacramento' in the town of that name."

"My husband Johnny Maschio was unable to come with me, so the Mayor took me to a party and presented me with a black lamb, all done up in a red harness and leash."

"I took the lamb home on the plane, and I now keep him in my backyard, where my four-year-old daughter Gina feeds him with a bottle."

"A woollen gift is for a seventh anniversary."

ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S story titled "The Killers" is starting at Universal, featuring Ava Gardner and Burt Lancaster in the leading roles.

Critics predict a smash success for Lancaster, who is considered one of the year's finds.

GLENN FORD, while stunting with early aeroplane models for Columbia's "Gallant Journey," has survived every mishap with gliders and balloons, but yesterday sprained his ankle when he slipped on a grassy slope and followed up by crushing his finger in a car door.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S daughter, Maria Mantion, has returned to Hollywood, announcing that she will resume her film career.

Marlene is also scheduled to arrive shortly, and is picking up screen roles. She is also rumored to be turning producer.



ACADEMY AWARD WINNER Ray Milland, whose impersonation of a dipsomaniac in Paramount's "Lost Week-End," now showing in Australia, caused him embarrassment when mistaken fans thought it was too lifelike. At home he posed happily with his wife Mal and young son "Danny." Milland may visit Australia next year.

Film Reviews

★★★ THE LOST WEEK-END

THE gamble which Paramount and star Ray Milland took when screening Charles Jackson's novel of a dipsomaniac has achieved deserved success.

Three 1946 Academy Awards came from it, Milland for his performance in the lead, Billy Wilder as the year's best director, and the film as the year's best release.

There is no light relief, as the plot reveals a terrible week-end in the life of writer Don Birnam in his losing battle against alcoholism.

His desperate search for money and liquor goes on incessantly until he develops delirium tremens, in a scene which will give audiences sympathetic horrors. Milland is magnificent throughout the film, and even the most flippant onlooker should be unable to raise a derisive smile at his portrayal.

Jane Wyman plays the girl who believes in Don in spite of his weakness, and Phillip Terry is the brother on whom he relies for financial support. Howard da Silva makes his role of philosophical bartender stand out.

Any anything but pretty story, "Lost Week-end" is an experience for filmgoers of adult years.—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ KISS AND TELL

WITH curls and dimples still well in evidence, Shirley Temple goes happily into action with a semi-grown-up role in Columbia's comedy taken from the stage hit. The result is bright enough, and Shirley gets grand support from the rest of the cast, especially Jerome Courtland as "the boy next door."

As Corliss Archer, Shirley copes with the misunderstandings which arise following a feud between the Archers and their neighbors the Pringles. The secret marriage between Shirley's brother and Mildred Pringle results in an embarrassing situation for Shirley.

Comedy scenes are well carried out, and competent work comes from Walter Abel, Katherine Alexander, Tom Tully, Mary Phillips, and a brief but effective appearance of Robert Benchley.—State; showing.

★★ THE HARD WAY

WARNERS haven't given us any new situations in this familiar story of the rise and fall of a ruthless, ambitious woman, but they have given us Ida Lupino as star instead of as might have been expected—Bette Davis.

To do her justice, Miss Lupino makes the most of her chance, and her portrait of a complete harpy is one to remember.

Pretty young Joan Leslie as the printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

★★ MADAME PIMPERNEL

IN spite of its dated theme—the Nazi occupation of France—there is enough suspense plus first-class acting by Gracie Fields and Constance Bennett to make this United Artists' release well worth while.

Miss Fields has the role of a sedate middle-aged English spinster who runs an antique shop in Paris and the glamorous Miss Bennett is the American wife of a French official.

Both work for the underground movement in France, and outwit the Gestapo captain, played with odd menace by Kurt Kreuger.

Main fault of the film is the ending, where American troops suddenly come marching into France as liberators when the two women have been captured. Small boys will cheer, but adult audiences will find the sequence irritating because of its intrusion.

Apart from this obviously bad cutting, the shrewd Miss Fields and the lovely Miss Bennett ensure good entertainment.—Civic; showing.

★ ROAD TO ALCATRAZ

DIRECTION is better than acting in Republic's mystery thriller. Stars are Robert Lowery and June Storey in a story of a man wrongfully accused of murdering his law partner. Lowery as the victim of a plot to screen the real murderer seems out of touch with the role, and the same applies to June Storey as his wife.

Suspense is well sustained until the real criminal is revealed.—Lyric; showing.



LYNN BARI, whose change of hair color to blonde makes her look like Sonja Henie's twin sister, has returned to films after a considerable absence, and is making "Shock" for Fox, co-starring with Vincent Price.

SUSPICIOUSLY

Steven remarked:

"Doing a lot of shopping for yourself, aren't you?"

"Oh, no," bobbed Mike civilly. "I have a large appetite, and so has my lady burglar."

Steven regarded him for a moment with a sceptical eye. Elisha turned hurriedly and bought some bull-eyes. Steven drifted away. Mike bobbed his head in the door. "Willy," he said, "the nasty man's gone. There was a conquering gleam in his one good eye that she didn't quite like."

"Have a bull's-eye," she suggested placatingly, stuffing one in through the celery. "C careful," he cautioned. "Snipers!"

They went back. The next two days they went boating on the river, they dived in the pool, they lazed in the sun on the back steps, and ate Cape gooseberries. Elisha slept better than she thought she ever would again. The tenseness began to disappear from her body.

They were lounging in the canoe one afternoon when he said suddenly, "Well, I suppose you'll be disappearing to-morrow, Willy."

Elisha thought, this is the end. To-morrow he'll only think what a fool I've made of him. I'll never be able to make him understand that I was tired and wanted to think. He likes his lady burglar, he won't like Elisha Crane, who's flying mad. She sighed. Well, that was a price you had to pay not that she wanted to fly any more . . . not for a long time, anyhow . . . she was still tired inside. She sighed.

"Me, too." He grinned at her twistedly. "Willy?"

"Yes, Mike?"

"I don't know anything about you, do I?"

"No," she said.

"And I've never asked; I don't care, see? Whatever you were before you've been you this three days."

Leave It To Mike!

Continued from page 35

He put a finger under her chin, very diffidently he kissed the tip of her nose. "You may be an awful fool of a woman about planes, but I love you. I'm not asking anything of you; I'm perfectly aware of the fact that I have only one headlight, and it is possible I shall never be of much account, but I just want this placed on record. See?"

It was then it happened. Someone yelled from the bank. She turned her head; it was Pete, her brother. He ran down the bank and continued to yell delightedly. "Mike, you old . . . Steve rang and said he thought you'd gone crazy or something, so I thought I'd better get here on time to protect my kid sister."

Elisha dived off the canoe under the clear water. She wanted to hug things Mike had said to her for a minute, before Pete broke it all up.

"Come back," roared Mike at her. He waved to Pete. "Coming ashore when I haul up my lady burglar. Hoi, Elisha, Elisha!"

He fished energetically with an oar. Elisha came up abruptly. "You knew all the time," she said, and started for the side of the river bank.

She came up dripping into Pete's arms. He hugged her like a wet sponge. To his incoherent questions as to why she was not on schedule she answered, "I came back Thursday, flew from the west . . . I wanted to have a bit of time to myself, so I didn't let you know. Got in by the back window, guessed you'd still leave it open."

"I thought she was a lady burglar," murmured Mike disappointedly.

"She faced him sternly. 'When did you find out?'"

"Well," pondered Mike, blinking rapidly, "I wasn't quite sure, but when Pete said you were the most

streamlined bit of fuselage it'd ever be my luck to see, I realised there couldn't be two of you. Of course, there were other little things," he admitted modestly. "Most houses as old as Cromal have a family album, and then the things you said and the way you knew your way round, also you did rather leave me wide open to Steven's flank attack that morning; anyone with even one eye could see you weren't yearning to meet him."

"Why," said Elisha-Willy grimly, "didn't you tell me you knew?"

"Well," he pondered, "I wasn't at all sure Elisha'd be as comfortable to have round as Willy."

Pete looked from one to the other and whistled softly, grinned, and discreetly remembered he'd left the car running. Elisha began to follow him slowly. "I'm sorry," she said.

Mike was rolling a cigarette very carefully. "What for?" he said.

She hesitated. "Sorry you don't like Elisha."

He took two steps and was very near her. "I didn't say that." He put a finger under her chin. "If you want to know, I'm rather glad."

"Glad?" Her voice was very low.

"That you're not a lady burglar."

"Oh!" frowned Elisha. She recovered rapidly. "About the interview . . ."

He finished rolling the cigarette and put it in his pocket. "No hurry. Got all the rest of my life," he grinned down at her.

She bent down to slip a drop of water from her knee.

He waited until she came up again, and kissed her rather neatly, before she had time to say anything.

"All the rest of my life, haven't I," he asked, "to interview Elisha?"

"Well, that was my schedule," she admitted.

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





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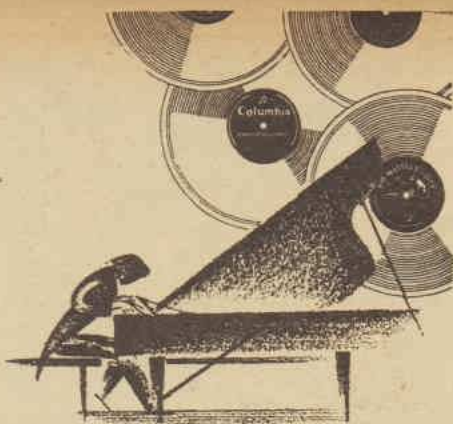
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2 ANGRY friend Sandy (Griffith Jones) knocks Vivian down in hotel after attention paid to his wife by Vivian, whom she had met at Oxford.



3 ON VISIT to Vienna, Vivian marries Jewess Rikki (Lilli Palmer) in return for her payment of his debts.



4 MARRIAGE is unsuccessful and Vivian is responsible for father's death and wife's injury in car smash.



5 AFTER DIVORCE, Vivian is found by secretary Jennifer (Margaret Johnston) working as a dancer.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS

THE story of the life of a young man-about-town in England's gay and careless days before the war stars Rex Harrison in a film released by Fox. Australian girl Margaret Johnston has her first co-starring role, and an English critic remarked that "even without her beauty, her voice alone would be worth a fortune in Hollywood."

Margaret disliked the result of her first film test in England and turned down several good roles before she agreed to play Jennifer in "The Rake's Progress."

Rex Harrison's wife, Lilli Palmer, and promising young player Jean Kent also have important roles in the film, which was one of the last Harrison completed before going to Hollywood.

The production is presented by Frank Lauder and Sydney Gilliat as the first independent film made by their newly formed company, Individual Pictures Ltd.



6 THOUGH JENNIFER knows Vivian's past, she is in love with him and they plan to marry. When war comes he does his first real job, as a soldier with the armored division in France, in expiation of his former worthless career.

British Chief

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"GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK!" The happy bride and groom respond to the enthusiastic farewells of their friends. They're off on their honeymoon, the rush and bustle of the wedding is over, and they face the future joyfully and confidently.

Wedding Etiquette

● Answers to the questions every bride-to-be asks when planning... her wedding-day.

IT is the bride's privilege to choose the church in which she is to be married, also the date on which the wedding will take place. She will naturally consult her future husband about the matter before deciding.

When a decision has been reached, they then consult the clergyman.

When the marriage day has been set, the invitations should then be sent out. This is done by parents of the bride. The usual time preceding the wedding is about three weeks.

THE PRESENTS

The guests who receive invitations, whether or not they accept them, should send along a present. This is sent to the bride at her home. A small card should be enclosed bearing best wishes for the future happiness of bride and groom.

The bride should acknowledge each present by writing a short note as soon as possible after she receives it.

As well as the gift to the bride the bridegroom must also present a small gift to the bridesmaids, as a memento of the occasion. The bride likewise presents the groom with a wedding gift.

EXPENSES

The expense of a wedding are shared.

The bride's parents provide her trousseau, linen (except the blankets, for which the bridegroom pays), invitation cards, reception, including wedding cake, and cars to convey bride, her parents, and bridesmaids to the church.

The bridegroom pays the clergyman's fees, the gifts and bouquets for bride and bridesmaids, and car for himself and groomsmen to the church.

THE CEREMONY

The bride travels to the church in a car accompanied by her father, who gives her away. (In the case of his absence or death a near male relative or old friend performs this duty.) Her mother and her attendants drive in a car following behind.

At the church the ushers, who are friends of both bride and groom, show relatives and friends to their places—the bride's on the left and the bridegroom's on the right. Relatives should be provided with front pews. Attendants wait in the porch.

The bridegroom, best man, and groomsmen go straight to the vestry on arrival. They must NEVER be late.

The bride enters the church, to the strains of the "Wedding March," on her father's right arm, at which time the congregation rises. She may be either preceded or followed

by her bridesmaids. However, it is more usual these days for her to be preceded by her attendants.

She stands on the left-hand side of the waiting groom facing the altar, with her chief bridesmaid slightly behind her on her left; father directly behind the bride. The chief bridesmaid removes the left-hand glove and takes the bride's bouquet.

After the ceremony, the bride takes the left arm of the bridegroom and they proceed to the vestry, followed by their attendants.

When they reappear from the vestry the "Wedding March" is again played as they walk down the aisle followed first by bride's parents, then the groom's parents, and then the guests.

THE RECEPTION

At the reception the bride's parents receive the guests at the entrance of the reception-room, accompanied by the parents of the bridegroom; next stand the bride and bridegroom and their retinue.

The bride may introduce to her husband any of her friends who have not already met him, and vice versa.

As soon as the guests have arrived and completed their congratulations the bridal party should be seated.

The seating arrangements for the bridal table are as follows:—From left to right: Mother of bride, father of bride, chief bridesmaid, best man, bride, bridegroom, second bridesmaid, groomsmen, mother of bridegroom, father of bridegroom.

If the clergyman who officiated at the ceremony is present at the reception he is included in the bridal party, also brothers and sisters of the bride and groom.

Toasts follow immediately after the cake is cut by the bride, assisted by the bridegroom. The first is the toast of "The King," which is followed by a toast, proposed by the clergyman or an old friend of the family, to the bride and groom. The groom responds to this, mentioning pleasantly his own family, his wife's family, and the kindness of all who have helped to make this great day so successful.

The next toast is proposed by the best man to the bridesmaids, and responded to by one of the groomsmen. After this a toast to the parents of the bride and then one to the parents of the groom.

The guests may not leave the reception until the bride and groom have made their departure. When the bride leaves the room to change from her bridal attire into her going-away frock her chief bridesmaid accompanies her to help her dress.

She then rejoins her husband, and together they say farewell to the clustering guests who wish them "God speed" on their new road in life.



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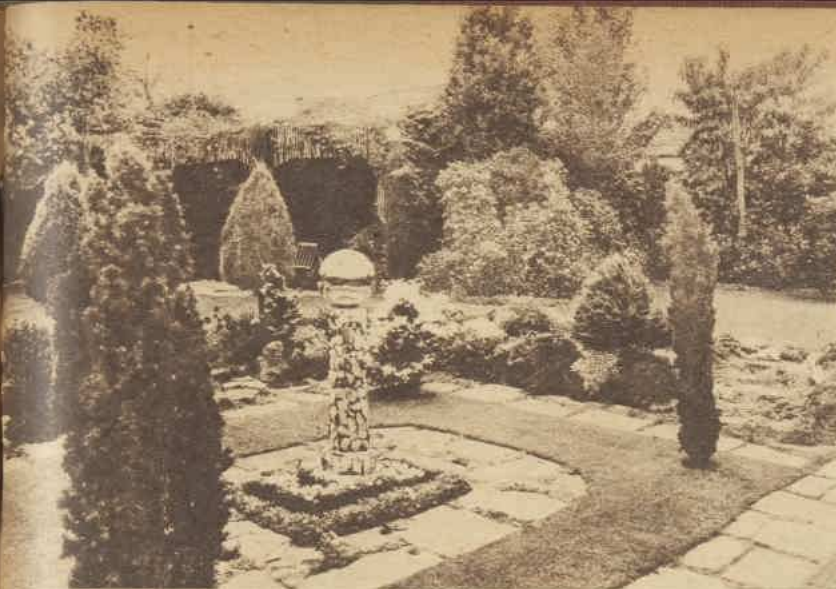
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SUNSHEN GARDEN with gazing-bowl and crazy pavement in the beautifully planned backyard garden of Mr. W. A. Comeadow, Kew, Victoria. Irish yew in the foreground and bushhouse and shrubbery at rear.

PLANNING A LITTLE GARDEN

● The only way to plan a little garden is to plan it, and in the following article an expert tells you how he planned his—a garden that on several occasions gained the highest points in all sections of Melbourne's garden contests.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

THE owner of the garden referred to, Mr. W. A. Comeadow, honorary secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society of Victoria, when I called at his home at Kew some months ago, recalled the time he planted hollyhocks as a border, and made his pools so shallow that the goldfish either perished on a hot day or found a resting-place inside the local tomcats.

But since then he has converted his garden into a place of real beauty and restfulness. He was anxious to emphasise that the trouble with many small gardens is their tendency to sameness.

To overcome this he planned the garden most carefully, and I think the pictures indicate that he did so without making the garden a museum or resting-place for all pot-tery wares, which so often obtrude in an otherwise artistic setting.

His first thought was to create a spot where, on a hot day, his family could enjoy a cup of tea or a book, or recline near a pool and watch the antics of the fish.

The quaint well-top was designed as a reproduction of an old English design. The stone selected was small Broadford stone, and the bucket and fittings were made of wrought-iron. Visitors named it the "Wishing Well," and during the war used to toss coins into it on behalf of a war charity.

A small sunken garden, with a centrepiece surmounted by a gazing-bowl had a chequered career from juveniles anxious to show their stone-throwing prowess, but this bowl to-day reflects many pictures of the garden.

On a small brick front wall a rock garden was built and furnished with some of the hardier varieties of plants. This was very effective until vandals found them—and then they were missing.

The greatest difficulty was found by Mr. Comeadow in planting the shady spots. Most plants like light, and dark corners bring pests and other troubles. Much of the trouble was overcome by planting ferns and trees, and to-day the shady spots are a mass of restful greenery.

Like most Melbourne gardeners he



VIEW OF THE FRONT GARDEN (60 ft. wide) showing dahlias, English box, and splendid arrangement of shrubs and trees. "Wishing Well" in centre background. In wartime, coins were tossed into this for charity.

has planted many deciduous European trees—flowering cherries, maples and others—and these were at their best during my visit. Spotty effects (planting shrubs indiscriminately through the lawn) were frowned upon. Such plantings would have ruined the idea of spaciousness which even a small garden requires.

A stone drive with a concrete foundation was built up to the garage, and is skirted by fine roses, shrubs, and erect types of trees.

The lawns were always a problem, he said, but he found N.Z. brown-top the best variety. If heavy traffic during visiting days was expected, the grass was not overwatered for a few days previously, and stood up well to the trampling.

Mr. Comeadow is now engaged on the monumental task of making a three-acre garden at Sasarua, Victoria, and this already gives promise of exceeding his home garden in beauty and usefulness.

Health hazards in dry-cleaning

By MEDICO

"I WAS cleaning the collar of my coat with petrol almost an hour ago, doctor, and it caught fire and burnt my hand, although I was outside," complained Mrs. Wilson. "I was lucky to have a towel handy to wrap round the fire and put it out."

"It's a dry day with a breeze blowing from the inland," I said.

"What's that got to do with it, doctor?"

"You may have noticed in very dry weather that your hair crackles and stands out stiffly when you brush it," I said. "That is due to static electricity generated by brushing or rubbing hairy or woolly materials. That is what caused your coat to catch fire."

"How do the dry-cleaners avoid the danger of fire?" she asked.

"Firstly, by using other cleaners than petrol; and secondly, by air-conditioning the workroom, so that there is a high humidity," I told her.

"Is it possible to dry-clean at home with safety?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"It is," I assured her. "But do it out in the open, use a small quantity of petrol, and avoid days when there is a dry wind blowing. It is dangerous to hang a dry-cleaned garment near a fire or radiator."

"I didn't realise that petrol was so dangerous," said Mrs. Wilson.

"Petrol is almost as explosive as dynamite. Its vapor can travel 200 feet to a flame and explode. It is never safe to store more than a pint of petrol in a house and even this should be kept in a screw-top tin or bottle. More than this should be stored in a separate building," I assured her.

"Are there other cleaning fluids which are less dangerous?" she asked.

"Carbon tetrachloride is more safe. It is not inflammable—in fact, it is used as a fire extinguisher—but its vapor can be poisonous when breathed. It is quite safe when used in the open, and if the hands are washed and cold-creamed after using," I said.

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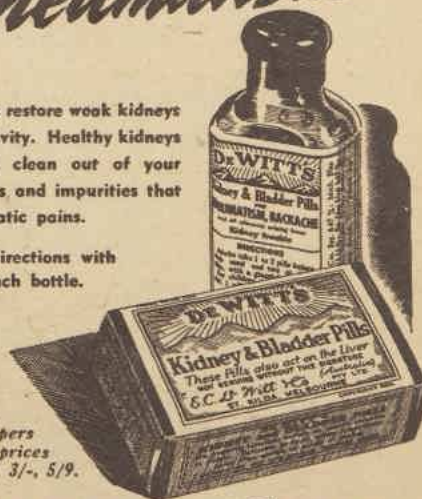
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For two years Meg had put up with a hated boarding-house existence, sick to death of indifferent food, of queuing up for a bath, of living in her shabby bedroom. She'd almost given up hope of ever getting a flat, when, one morning...



...But it can't be true! "Business girl will share luxurious 2-bedroom flat with another, Elm. 9272" Well, that's what the ad. says



Oh, it's a beautiful flat! I'd love to share this

Well, er, I'll think about it. Living together isn't easy unless you have everything in common, you know



Oh Doreen, I know I won't get it! Maybe I didn't look my best. I'd been hurrying and was hot...

Thinks Poor kid! "B.O." spoils all her chances. I must find some tactful way to drop a hint

Dear Meg, Sorry you missed the flat. But there's another vacant when Gloria's companion sails for England. You'll find Gloria easy to live with - she hasn't got "B.O." or anything impossible like



Doreen's mention of "B.O." sounded like a hint - and I'm taking it! This Lifebuoy, with its special health ingredient, gives both lasting and all-over protection

AND SO, A MONTH LATER

I'm so glad you brought Meg and I together, Doreen. We're very happy sharing the flat!

Thinks... We both use the same soap - Lifebuoy. If it weren't for that I'd be in a boarding house still!

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These skin disorders are caused by bacterial infection of the bloodstream. That is why treatment by external applications is not logical and why Vaxos No. 3, internal treatment, gives quick lasting results. A few drops of Vaxos taken in water each day is rapidly absorbed by the bloodstream. Heat and inflammation caused by the infection are soon dissipated and blemishes disappear. Put an end to your troubles, ask your chemist for Vaxos TO-DAY. Simple and pleasant to take, a large 24 c.c. bottle for Chronic cases costs only £1/1/-, and is sufficient for several weeks' treatment. A smaller sized bottle for milder cases is obtainable for 12/6.

VAXOS No. 3
ORAL VACCINE

If your chemist is out of stocks, write to
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fortuna
cloth



THE BRIDE-TO-BE should include this attractive jabot in her trousseau. It's a smart addition to either a new or an old frock.

Make yourself a . . . HEART-SHAPED JABOT

A FROU - FROU of net and lace to flatter a frock or suit for the new season.

Materials: 2 pieces of net, one 20in. by 9in., and the other 15in. by 5in.; 2yds. narrow lace, and a safety-pin.

Fold each piece of net in half lengthwise. Take the smaller piece of net and whip-stitch the lace

along the folded edge, easing it on. Run a gathering thread through both the raw edges, pulling it up to 4in. Fold net in half and oversew gathered edges.

Now run a gathering thread on the long raw edges of the large piece and pull it up to 4in. Fold in half and oversew. Place the small piece on the large piece and stitch together down the centre join. Cover the join with lace. Turn in raw edges and whip-stitch lace all round.

. . . and your glamor

Continued from page 13

OF course, your hair was brushed, washed, and set a day or two before the wedding, and the reason it looked so perfectly groomed is that you were foresighted and had that new permanent at least a month back.

The hair style you choose will depend upon the type of head-dress you propose wearing.

In any case, take your veil or hat to your hairdresser so that your hair arrangement can be specially designed to co-ordinate with your head-dress.

And don't forget to protect those waves or curls with a net or fine scarf while completing your toilet.

Finger and toe nails shine with a gleaming patina, for they, too, were manicured ahead of time.

You don't, on this day of days, try out anything very new or ultra in cosmetics. Some time back you should have experimented and selected the type of make-up you desire for this important time, and know exactly how to use it.

You may prefer a cake base to the cream or liquid variety; in which case be more careful to apply it thinly and evenly, smoothing it in so that there are no sudden ragged edges.

Beware of the thick, coated mask

which is so hardening and unattractive; and don't overlook the neck and throat area.

If you are a cream rouge user, during your experimenting days try applying it before the cake make-up, and follow with the usual powdering. You might like the effect.

To follow comes a light touch of eyeshadow—just the faintest—mascara, also lightly, smoothing of the brows, and last the lipstick, not overlooking the final blotting for stand-patness.

It is a good plan to put your make-up on first, then slip into your dress, being careful not to touch it to the make-up; then, just before the final dress adjustments, remove the protecting net or scarf, run a comb through your hair, and fix on the head-dress.

You're almost ready to walk down the aisle now—feeling nervous? But wait just a second; one last touch to accentuate the romance of the occasion—perfume. Not too much, and keep it light, fresh, and unobtrusive.

Your choice may hinge on the preference of the permanent man in your life, or be intended to complement the perfume of the bouquet you are carrying.

A touch behind each ear, a dab on each wrist, a little on the wedding hanky . . . Here comes the bride!



My star dust melody
... memory of love's re-frain.

Stardust Bouquet
EAU DE COLOGNE

AVAILABLE IN 4 SIZES 2 oz., 4 oz., 10 oz., 20 oz. AT LEADING STORES AND CHEMISTS

Keep well above
the average on
BOVRIL

BOVRIL CHEERS!

Kraft Cheese Soufflé

Mouth-Watering
and Nourishing

says Elizabeth Cooke—

famous Kraft cookery and nutrition expert.



"For this Cheese Soufflé, or any other dish cooked with cheese, you simply can't beat Kraft Cheese," says Elizabeth Cooke. "This delicious, rich yet mild cheddar is better for cooking—because it's blended better." Blended to perfection, and then flavour-sealed in its attractive wrapper, Kraft

Cheese stays fresh and moist to the last golden slice . . . and you always get that mellow, mature flavour you like so much.

Ask for Kraft Cheese in the smart 8oz. pack, or have the exact quantity you require cut from the economical 5lb. loaf.

KRAFT CHEESE SOUFFLÉ

Here is an exciting main course dish that will make your family say you are an even better cook than they thought!

1 tablespoon butter; 2 tablespoons flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot milk; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; dash of cayenne; 8oz. packet Kraft Cheddar Cheese; 3 eggs.

Make a sauce with the butter, flour, milk and seasonings. When thickened and smooth, add the sliced cheese. Stir occasionally until cheese is melted. Add beaten yolks of eggs. Cool. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Pour into an eight-inch casserole and bake 1 hour and 10 minutes in a very moderate oven. Serve at once. Serves four.

Listen to the story of a brilliant woman doctor
"MARY LIVINGSTONE, M.D."
Every Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs.

N.S.W.—2UW at 11.30 a.m.;
2KO and 2GZ-KA-WL at 9.30 a.m.
VIC.—3DB-LK at 9.30 a.m.; 3BA at
9.15 a.m.; 3BO at 10.15 a.m.
QLD.—4BK-AK-IP at 10.15 a.m.;
4RO at 9.15 a.m.; 4TO at 9.45 a.m.
S.A.—5AD-MU-PI-SE at 9.30 a.m.
W.A.—6IX-WB-MD at 10.30 a.m.
TAS.—7HT and 7EX at 9.45 a.m.



KRAFT CHEESE



BECAUSE IT'S BLENDED BETTER!

Ounce per ounce there's no basic food that equals cheese for complete, high quality protein . . . for calcium, phosphorus and other nutrients from milk!

tastes better because its blended better.



For Better Cakes and Cookies

[By the Food and Cookery Expert
to The Australian Women's Weekly]

THE most confident homemakers who handle roasts, casseroles, and grills with the greatest of ease have been known to feel nervous when it comes to cakes and cookies.

Turning out delicious cakes and cookies takes more than the ability to interpret a recipe.

It takes a working knowledge of your oven . . . its capabilities and its limitations.

Most important of all, you need to know your ingredients . . . how they behave, their possible combinations, and substitutes to use in an emergency.

The basic facts given here should help the situation—cutting out failures and wastage and lightening the heart of the nervous experimenter.

Know your oven

Tins too large for oven will interfere with circulation of heat—use tins which have at least 2 in. clearance from sides and back of oven.

For best results, exact temperature should be known and followed. Automatic oven heat regulators (thermostats) and thermometers are a boon.

When the oven has no such fittings, or in the case of fuel or kerosene stoves, the best method of testing heat is by the old "browned flour" method.

Pre-heat oven 15 minutes. Place 1 teaspoon flour on a flat tin and leave 5 minutes on shelf to be used for baking.

Flour will color pale fawn if oven is slow; golden brown if oven is moderate; milk-chocolate brown if hot; lighter-brown if very hot.

Oven Temperature with Thermostat or Thermometer

	Gas	Electric
Slow oven	250-350	300-400
Moderate oven	350-400	400-450
Hot oven	400-450	450-500
Very hot oven	450-500	500-550

Oven position important

1. SMALL CAKES AND COOKIES

Gas, Fuel, or Kerosene Oven: Place in upper half of oven, reducing gas or kerosene flame to half; do not add more firing to fuel stove. If cooking two trays at once, leave 4 in. space between shelves.



Electric Oven: Place in lower half of oven, top element off, bottom element on "medium" or "low."

2. SPONGES

Gas, Fuel, or Kerosene Oven: Place in middle of oven; both tins on same shelf if possible—if not, place one above the other. Reverse during last 5 minutes of cooking for even browning.

Electric Oven: Place on second or third shelf from bottom; top element off, bottom element "low."

3.—FRUIT CAKES, RICH BUTTER CAKES

Gas, Fuel, or Kerosene Oven: Place below centre of oven.

Electric Oven: Place in middle of oven.

Know your ingredients

Learn to measure accurately. Altering proportions by careless measuring causes poor results . . . too much flour makes a dry, crumbly cake; too much shortening or liquid will cause cake to fall; too much sugar makes a tough, heavy cake with sticky surface.

Shortening: Butter, margarine, lard, clarified beef dripping, or a mixture of any of these gives good results.

Softened well before creaming with sugar—never melt unless recipe calls for melted shortening, in which case barely melt—avoiding overheating.

Sugar: Finer type (caster) gives best results—coarse sugar produces a coarse textured cake.

Brown sugar is moister and gives a rich flavor; ideal for fruit, chocolate, or ginger cakes.

If substituting brown sugar for

white, substitution should be weight for weight, not measure for measure, as brown sugar is lighter than white.

Honey may be used to replace half the sugar. If this is done reduce quantity of liquid by one quarter and cook at a lower temperature.

Eggs: Need not be new laid, but must be fresh enough to beat well. Number of eggs used may be reduced by one, increasing rising agent by half a teaspoon.

Eggs give lightness and fineness of texture, so it is not wise to reduce number of eggs by more than one.

Milk: If a recipe calls for sour milk its means just that—fresh milk will not give the same result.

Half a pint of milk can be soured by adding 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar and standing 1 hour before using.

Flour: Self-raising flour may be used in recipes calling for plain flour and baking powder, provided proportions are the same. Self-raising flour usually contains 1 teaspoon baking powder to each 1 lb. flour.

Sift flour before measuring. Fold rather than stir into mixture when adding.

Baking Powder: Measure accurately, sift with dry ingredients. Avoid using too much—the richer the mixture the less rising agent needed.

If soda and sour milk are used, proportion is 1 teaspoon soda to 1 cup sour milk—no baking powder is then necessary and plain flour should be used.

Continued on page 46





WOMEN in every Circle

Pay tribute after tribute to Rosella Pure Foods. The quality appeals.

Enthusiastic Expressions of praise for these favourites come from homes where Rosella Foods have been served and will be heard again when supplies are obtainable. Delicious in flavour and of genuine goodness.

Rosella

OVER 100
PURE FOODS

Page 46



SUGGESTION FOR THE JUNE BRIDE. Fruit cake simply decorated and topped with fresh flowers to match the bridal bouquet.

For better cakes and cookies

Continued from page 45

FLAVORINGS: Used to excess can spoil a cake. Essences or grated fruit rind give a more lasting flavor if creamed with butter and sugar. Cocoa for chocolate cake is best creamed with the butter or blended with the milk.

Guide for good mixing
1. Small cakes, butter cakes, cookies: Shortening and sugar must be beaten together (wooden spoon is best) until shortening is soft, white and fluffy and sugar almost dissolved. Bowl may be warmed slightly, avoid melting shortening. Eggs: May be beaten together or added whole without beating. Flour, other dry ingredients: Need thorough sifting for even mixing and to incorporate air to make for lightness of texture.

2.—Sponges: Eggs should be separated and whites beaten stiffly with sugar until sugar dissolves—then yolks may be added. Dry ingredients should be folded in, not stirred.

Testing for Doneness
Color is no indication of degree of doneness. Cooked cakes shrink from sides of tin, take no impression if lightly pressed with finger. If cakes color too quickly, cover with paper until cooked through. Don't risk breaking by turning cakes out immediately. Stand a few minutes and cake will shrink further from sides of tin and slip out easily. Cookies should cool on the tray—they are soft when cooked, becoming firm and crisp as they cool.

Basic recipes

SMALL CAKES

TWO ounces butter or margarine, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 4oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder (or 4oz. self-raising flour), pinch salt.
Cream butter or margarine with vanilla and sugar. Add egg, stir in milk. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, fold lightly into the mixture. Spoon into greased patty-tins, paper patty-cases, or greased muffin-pans. Bake in a hot oven (400deg. F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 1 dozen.

Variations

Chocolate Patties: Cream 1 dessertspoon cocoa with butter and sugar or blend with the milk.
Orange Patties: Add 1 tablespoon finely chopped candied orange peel and 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.
Fruit Patties: Add 2 tablespoons

mixed fruit and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

COOKIES

Four ounces butter or margarine, 4oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg or 2 egg-yolks, 1lb. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon corn-flour, pinch salt.

Cream margarine or butter with vanilla and sugar. Add beaten egg or egg-yolks. Fold in sifted flour, cornflour, baking powder, and salt. Roll thinly and cut into shapes with floured knife or cutter. Place on a greased tray, brush lightly with milk, bake in a very moderate oven (325deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool on tray.

Variations

Almond-Wafers: Use almond essence instead of vanilla. Cut in finger lengths and top with split almonds.
Coffee Biscuits: Add 1 tablespoon coffee essence to creamed shortening and sugar.

SPONGE SANDWICH

Three-quarters cup castor sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon butter.
Separate whites from yolks of eggs. Beat whites stiffly, add sugar gradually, and beat until sugar is dissolved. Add egg-yolks, beat until mixture is thick, smooth, and creamy. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, fold (not stir) into the mixture. Lastly, fold in hot milk and melted butter. Pour into greased 7in. sandwich-tins and bake in a moderate oven, 350deg. F., for 15 to 20 minutes. Do not open oven door until 15 minutes has elapsed. Stand a few minutes before turning carefully on to cake-cooler. Fill when cold.

Variations

Lemon Sponge: Add 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Join with lemon filling.
Mocha Sponge: Add 1 dessertspoon cocoa blended with 1-tablespoon coffee essence.
Ginger Sponge: Add 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, and pinch ground cloves to the flour. A little grated orange rind may also be added.

FIREST prize this week in our popular recipe contest to Mrs. M. Howard, 301 Antandale Street, Antandale, N.S.W. Recipe will be published next week.

3 OILS

for the price of ONE!

No wonder your



lasts longer!

Unlike any other oil of its kind, 3-in-One Oil is actually three oils in one. Instead of just a mineral, vegetable, or animal oil—you get a perfect concentrated blend of all three.

That is why 3-in-One Oil does the three big jobs your household oil should do — (1) lubricates, (2) guard against rust, (3) clean away dirt and abrasives. So insist on the truly economical oil — the oil that gives you three oils for the price of one.



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Chest Colds COUGHS

Put the 15 ACTIVE INGREDIENTS of the preparation sold as "MOUNT-TAIN MIXTURE" to work for you

- * Clears chest, throat and lung of germ-laden mucus.
- * Immediate relief of irritation and coughing spasms.
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- * Aids digestion.

LETTERS PATENT granted to DOUGLAS DRUG COMPANY by the COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA

Recognising the unique formula and manufacturing process, Letters Patent were granted to the Douglas Drug Company for their invention for treating of coughs and colds. This safe, sure preparation is a pleasant-tasting scientific combination of fifteen active ingredients, specially blended for speedy, effective action. Ask your chemist or store to-day. Small, 2/6; Large, 5/6.

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Happy Relief From Painful Backache

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention. The kidneys are Nature's chief excretory organs, eliminating waste matter out of the blood. They help most people eliminate about 2 pints a day. If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent urination, sometimes showing that there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't delay! Ask your chemist or store for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, a powerful diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Backache Kidney Pills...

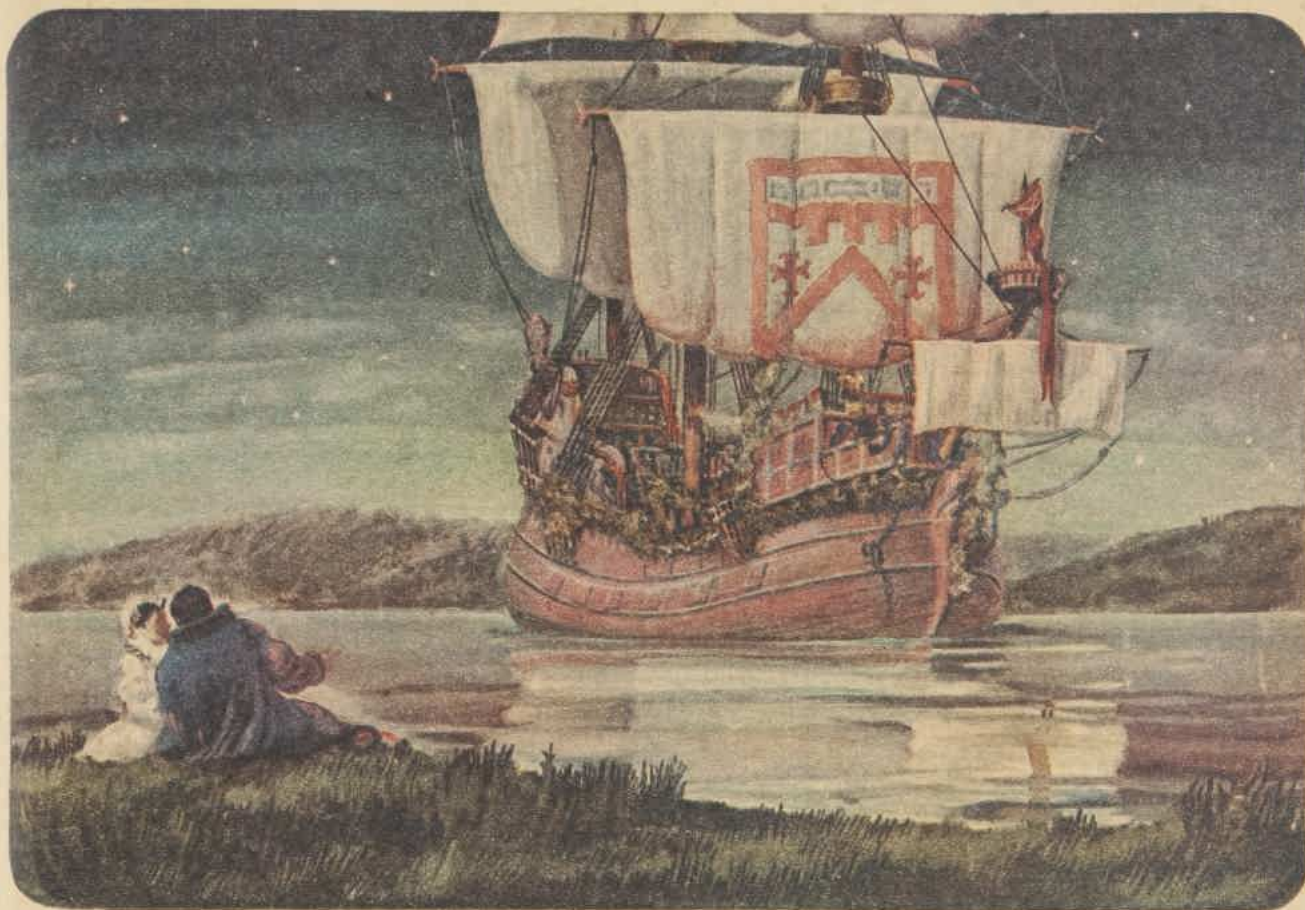
Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull, itchy or ragged—if his nose is dry and he is slow or loses his appetite, give him **BARKO** Bristle and Coat Conditioner. BARKO Conditioner is a pure, natural product. 1/4 ALL CHEMISTS' POWERS.



Tranquility ~

*"How still the evening is,
As hushed on purpose to grace Harmony."*
SHAKESPEARE



Eventide is nature's relaxation from the heat and turmoil of the day . . . Home is mankind's haven of rest, more desirable still with its familiar charm enhanced by the tranquil luxury of Feltex underfoot.

As the demand for Feltex is so great, it is regretted that intending purchasers may have to wait for delivery of orders placed with their furnishing store.

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FELT AND TEXTILES OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED

Manufacturers of Plain, Marbled and Patterned Feltex

The girls
are all mad
about
Harry



he has
a NYLEX
smile



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1/7

NYLEX NYLON TUFT
TOOTHBRUSH

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A product of The National Brush Co. (Aust.) Ltd., Sydney.

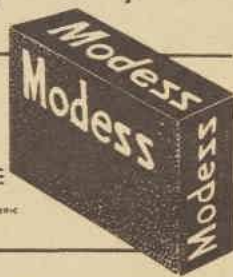


That certain,
safe, sanitary
napkin

1/3½

BOX OF TWELVE

Ask for Modess Sanitary Napkins for economical Hygienic protection



PRODUCT OF JOHNSON AND JOHNSON

Rheumatic Pains and Kidney Weakness

QUICKLY EASED BY THIS
SYSTEM-CLEANSING

"Internal Bath"

If you suffer from disturbed nights, headaches, dizziness, pains in back, joints and muscles—symptoms often caused by disordered kidneys and liver—you need the blessed relief of R.U.R. R.U.R. contains five essential elements—a liver stimulant, a kidney cleanser, a laxative, a blood corrector, and an acid eliminative. It is a real "inter-

nal bath," quickly clears away accumulated acids, soothes, tones and cleanses kidneys and bladder, and stimulates the liver. Yet it contains no dangerous or habit-forming drugs.

THOUSANDS USE AND PRAISE IT:

Mrs. M. Forward, 19 Caribrewell Road, Hawke, New Zealand, writes: "I became a different person with R.U.R. It makes life young again. I am feeling the good of R.U.R. in every possible way."

GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR MONEY BACK
R.U.R. will put you right or cost you nothing.
Money-back guarantee full treatment 7/6, smaller size 4/6. At all chemists and stores.

TAKE **R.U.R.**
AND RIGHT YOU ARE!



LOVELY bedroom scene; suggestion for those who like the feminine touch in bedroom decor.

FOR YOUR FUTURE HOME

● To the bride-to-be: What furniture to buy, also the silver, glass, china, kitchen utensils, linen necessary to stock the cupboard shelves of your new home.

By **NORA S. McDOUGALL**
Our Home Decoration Expert

DECORATING a flat or house of one's own for the first time is an exacting and thrilling experience. Amid the excitement of trousseau-buying, wedding plans, and parties you must compose yourself long enough to think carefully of your future home and the necessary pieces of furniture that must go into it.

Here is my earnest advice to you, lovely bride-to-be: Choose only the minimum in furniture and furnishings to begin with. Seek your future husband's co-operation in the selection of furniture if not in furnishings, and then the home will take on an added meaning for both of you.

Before going forth on your shopping tour make a rough floor plan of the flat or house and "block" in the required furniture on this floor plan.

Here is a suggested list of your requirements:

Living-room: One large or small couch (depending on size of room); two comfortable chairs (not necessarily matching); two occasional tables; one coffee table; two end-lamp tables or chests; desk and chair; floor covering, curtains.

You'll find these sufficient to receive the first guests and be quite comfortable. The pictures, the cushions, and bric-a-brac can be added later.

It's not necessary for the house to look like a well-stocked show window the first week you move in. Successful decoration is not done in a hurry or without careful planning. Half the fun of decorating is to be able to add to it from time to time.



PLENTY of cupboard space and drawers are necessary if the bride is to store her linen properly. The above picture shows a unit combination desk which gives useful storage space but is simple in line.

Bedroom: Bed or beds (according to taste); two bedside tables; dressing-table and stool; one comfortable chair; floor covering, curtains, bed covers.

Hanging and storage space for clothes should be provided for by built-in cupboards, either in the plan conceived by the architect or built by the local carpenter before moving in.

Dining-room: One dining-table; four chairs; one sideboard; one serving table; floor covering, curtains. Choice of furniture will depend again on requirements socially and on the size of room. If the architect has thoughtfully devised dual-cupboard space between dining-room and kitchen, sideboard and serving-table may be omitted.

Kitchen: Most new kitchens have their walls surrounded by cupboards, with sink and stove ready for use and with ample working surfaces. If no refrigerator or ice-chest, then consider one or the other as essential in the interests of health and economy. Floor covering and window curtains also go on your list.

Silver, glass, and china

REMEMBER that marriage is not of short duration, therefore a good stock of all lines gives the necessary base on which the housewife can work successfully and economically.

Why Cough?
Stop Your Cough!
Take **Y-COUGH**
KILLS COLDS WITH KINDNESS!
1/9
AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

FIGHT ECZEMA THREE WAYS

DOAN'S OINTMENT goes to work in 3 ways, by relieving the pain and itching, protecting inflamed skin, and preventing and combating infection. For these reasons DOAN'S OINTMENT is an excellent remedy for relieving pain and fighting infection in minor burns, cuts, sores, scalds, sunburn and chapping. If you suffer from Eczema or other itching skin complaints, scratching only makes the condition worse. It increases the swelling, makes the itching return more severely, and can cause serious skin disorders. Play safe, keep

DOAN'S OINTMENT

in your medicine chest at all times—used successfully for over 40 years.

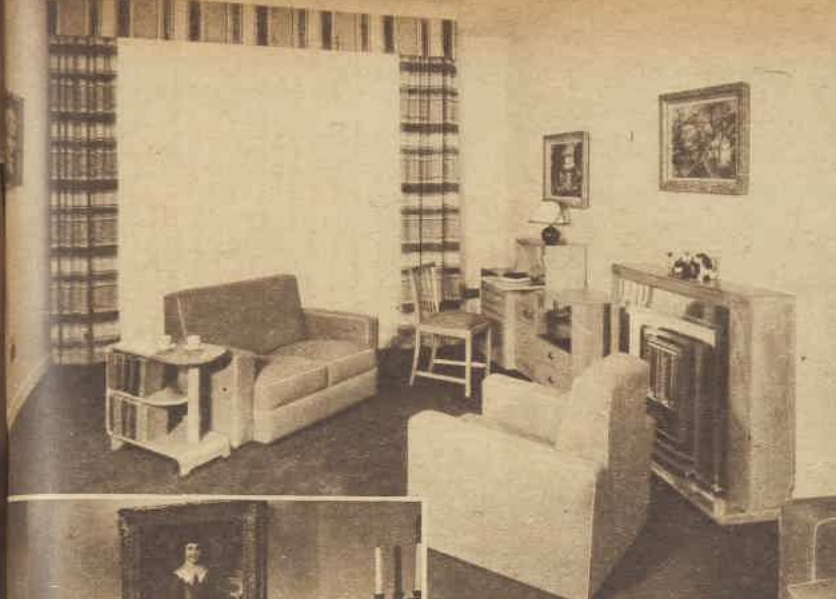
FORD PILLS are different

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FORD PILLS

contain the concentrated extract of bitter apples and give you the natural laxative properties of fruit.

Get Ford Pills in unbreakable tubes . . . 2/6 at your nearest chemist or store.



ABOVE: Small living-room with the minimum of furniture, yet it is attractive and comfortable. Other pieces can be added as the necessity arises and another furniture arrangement can be planned. In this room importance is given to the window, to make the most of the light, as the room gets little sun and has no view.



FOCAL POINT for winter comfort is the fireplace.

Linen: This covers a large and wide field and here duplication by loving friends has little effect so long as the articles are useful. Count three pairs of sheets and six pillow-slips to each bed.

A sheet should never be less than 100in. in length, whether single or double, otherwise there is not enough to tuck in top and bottom.

One pair of blankets is needed for each bed, as well as a quilt of down, feathers, or wool.

Aim for a dozen bath-towels and a dozen hand-towels, but eight of each will do, and three bath mats.

For the dining-room, whether it's going to be a real one or just a dinette, don't buy too much before considering the kind of life you are going to lead. Formal linen is expensive and should be really good. So, two dinner-sets, not too large, and six serviettes are enough (these may be cloths or table mats), and two breakfast or luncheon sets.

Doyleys, supper and tea cloths are, generally, the outcome of your own or your friends' nimble fingers.

Twelve linen tea-towels help to keep the silver and glass bright. Cheaper materials give off a fluff which adheres to and mires smooth surfaces.

Kitchen Utensils: Even some of these may come as wedding presents, such as an electric toaster, iron, or a vacuum cleaner, but the kitchen should not be without this list of essentials: 1 set of pots with lids; 2 frying pans (large and small); roasting pan (with or without lid and rack); large casserole with lid; double boiler; set of canisters; pie tin; 2 round cake tins; square cake tin; colander; 2 wire strainers (large and small); egg-beater (ball-bearing for preference); fruit juicer; bread knife; meat knife; measuring jug; set of mixing bowls; rolling pin; set of wooden spoons; set of measuring spoons; 2 kitchen forks; pastry board; chopping board; good can-opener; bread tin; meat grinder; flour sieve; cheese grater; pair scissors; pair small pliers; pair screwdrivers; set of skewers; hair broom; millet broom; dust mop; floor mop; dust pan and broom; carpet sweeper (when procurable) or vacuum cleaner.

This list can always be added to as the necessity arises or goods become available on the market. Many of these things may come in the way of "showers," but generally speaking these suggestions as to what the bride should buy for her new home, whether it be in the country, suburbs, or town, will, I feel sure, be most welcome.

KEEP FIT and SLIM

Junipah Mineral Spring Salts is a highly efficient and gentle laxative that contains the precious oil of Juniper to cleanse and strengthen the system, relieve kidney disorders, and keep you fit and slim. Get a jar of Junipah Mineral Spring Salts today.

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MINERAL SPRING SALTS

"Another Acquisition to the Modern Kitchen" SAYS HILDA HOUSEWIFE

THE MAJOR MINCER!



For the speedy and economical preparation of wholesome and tasty meals . . . Will not wobble when clamped to the table . . . Very pleasing in appearance and lasts a lifetime . . . An ideal present for a bride.

A GUARANTEED **POPE** PRODUCT
FROM THE KITCHEN UTILITY DIVISION

"HAIRFREE" IS Carefree!



Ugly hair on arms and legs can ruin a girl's feminine appeal. It simply does not go with glamour. But you can get rid of unwanted hair—quickly, safely and pleasantly—with new Veet.

Veet dissolves hair, leaves the skin soft and velvet-smooth. Unlike the razor, which encourages growth, Veet actually weakens growth. Does not roughen the skin like harsh abrasives.

Veet now comes in powder form. You simply add water and apply the paste. In four minutes the hair is gone. At chemists—2/9 carton of two packets, with applicator and simple directions for use.

NEW VEET



TO-DAY— GREY HAIR IS TABOO!

Banish greyness and buy back 10 years of your life!

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REDUCE UGLY FAT QUICKLY

NOW you can actually reduce those unsightly bulging hips and that huge unlovely waist—by a NEW, simple method. Without dangerous drugs, very strenuous exercise or starvation diets. Secretly in your own room—you can really watch those bulging hips disappearing. An over-prominent sagging bust, fat arms and legs, thick ankles and double chin can quickly be banished with this marvelous new reducing treatment—it's something entirely different.

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IN MACASSAR GLAMOUR GIRLS DYE TEETH **RED**, BUT IN **JAVA** THEY OFTEN **BLACKEN** THEM

MODERN GLAMOUR GIRLS POLISH TEETH TO EXTRA BRIGHTNESS — WITH **HIGH-FOAMING KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM**

KOLYNOS has been awarded the **GOLD SEAL** of the **LONDON INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE** — for consistent **PURITY** and **QUALITY**.

STRANGE RITUAL IN BOTH **CHINA** AND THE **CELEBES** MAIDENS SOMETIMES HAVE TWO OF THEIR TEETH BEATEN OUT BEFORE MARRIAGE. **KOLYNOS** IS THE DOUBLE-RESULT DENTAL CREAM THAT FRESHENS YOUR BREATH WHILST YOU'RE CLEANING YOUR TEETH.

ACTIVE FOAM THOROUGHLY SWIRL ITS RICH THROUGH YOUR MOUTH.

THE GANI TRIBE OF AFRICA KILLED ANY PERSON FOUND WITH A FULL SET OF TEETH LIKE THEIR HATED ENEMIES THE **WAGANDAS**

GUID NEWS.. **KOLYNOS** Dental Cream lasts twice as long ... because half an inch on a dry brush is plenty. **KOLYNOS** is highly concentrated

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

IFA YOUTH OF THE JAJAURUNG TRIBE (CENTRAL VICTORIA) SPENT TOO MUCH TIME CHASING GIRLS, THE TOOTH-KNOCKING PART OF HIS INITIATION WAS DELIBERATELY PROLONGED AS A WARNING TO OTHER YOUTHS.

IF A MAN SMITE OUT HIS MAN-SERVANT'S TOOTH OR HIS MAID-SERVANT'S TOOTH HE SHALL LET HIM GO FREE FOR HIS TOOTH'S SAKE Ancient **HEBREW LAW**

Fashion PATTERNS

F4276—Sweet winter frock for a junior miss. Sizes 4 to 6, 6 to 8, 8 to 10 years. Requires 2½yds. 36in. wide and 1yd. 36in. wide contrast. Pattern, 1/5.

F4277—Figure-flattering suit—trim, neat and so smart. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4278—Sophisticated dinner frock for "important" dance or dinner dates. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. wide plain and 1½yds. 36in. wide contrast. Pattern, 1/10.

● PLEASE NOTE: To ensure the prompt dispatch of orders by post you should: * Write your NAME, A D D R E S S, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include the necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * The box numbers given on page 33. * C.O.D. orders are not accepted.

F4276

F4277

F4278



F4279

F4280

F4281

F4279—A suit to stand constant wear all through the winter months. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4280—Smart, warm winter frock with dolman sleeves and belted waist. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4281—Unusual slacksuit with decorative button effect on slacks and bolero. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns may be had from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 33.

*What's wrong with this picture?**



No, it isn't a point of etiquette, but something is definitely wrong in this picture. Test your powers of observation well before you look at the answer below.

The girl quite patently has a headache, but that's TOO easy a puzzle to solve. The answer to that one is: Two Bayer's Aspirin Tablets with water.

From the smile on the officer's face he's just about to tell her how quickly Bayer's Aspirin Tablets fix even the most stubborn headache. They act with such amazing speed because they dissolve immediately you swallow them.

That point being settled—can you pick what's wrong with the picture?

* Answer: No British Naval Officer is permitted to wear a moustache unless he also wears a beard.



MAKE THIS TEST

Drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. In 2 seconds, by the time it hits the bottom of the glass, it is disintegrating. See for yourself this way why Bayer's Aspirin acts so quickly.

3328

Insist on

**BAYER'S
ASPIRIN
TABLETS**

24 for 1/3

100 for 4/-



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and Days to come . . .

Bedcovers in smart, exclusive designs, in pronounced or subdued shades to harmonise with bedroom decorations . . . bedcovers such as you have dreamed about and longed for.

But soon—may it not be long—these dreams will be realised, for Vantona "Court" Bedcovers will be appearing in entirely new and exciting designs—such as have never before been possible.

In addition to "Court" Bedcovers, the Vantona range includes "Joyous Morn" Towels, Blankets, Down Quilts, Ticks and Tickings—all will bear the VANTONA Tab.

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Jantzen
KNITWEAR

for Men and Women

Jantzen styling and Jantzen quality have made as much of a name for themselves in knitwear as they have in swim suits.

When you need something new in knitteds, you naturally want it to be a Jantzen — and Jantzen designs in coats, cardigans and jackets for this season are even better than you could have expected.

Unfortunately, Jantzen supplies are still very restricted in all the stores. The Jantzen machines are whirling at top speed — but they still can't catch-up with the demand for more and more Jantzens. So keep trying — but please don't be too disappointed if you don't manage to get your Jantzen right away!

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